

K The Exorcist Part 2 / Boris Karloff Special 85¢

OF

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No.
24

FRANKENSTEIN



MEMORIAL TO
BORIS KARLOFF
THE \$25,000 MONSTER
FREAKS AND MUTATIONS
THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN



BORIS KARLOFF



LINDA BLAIR



FREAKS



EVIL OF
FRANKENSTEIN



ROY ASHTON



ROGER CORMAN

Castle
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Front cover: Karloff in Mord the executioner, in THE TOWER OF LONDON. Inside book cover: A Karloff gallery. Top: WEST OF SHANGHAI (1937), end of 1930s. Bottom: TAP ROOTS (1946), THE INVISIBLE MENACE (1933).

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THE EXORCIST Mail Box

In Re: THE EXORCIST

Dear CTB: I was glad to see on CofF that the book is-depth coverage of your mail about the best fantasy film of 1973, *THE EXORCIST*. I was especially impressed by your interview with William Friedkin, the kind of cerebral material that your so-called "companion" is incapable of handling.

It is unfortunate, though, that the film did not reach its potential that the book attained. There were a few minor flaws that could have been avoided if the film's semi-humorous flavoring matched for the began during the now famous crucifix-masturbation scene, unless the book's description, etc., William Peter Blatty may not have had as much control over the production as has been reported; inadequate direction are to be blamed—but that Friedkin is a bad director, but that he was not his own attorney. I would have liked to see Friedkin as the producer, not only because of his experience and skill but also because of his background in the genre. REPULSION, CULL-DE-SAC, ROSEMARY'S BABY, THE VAMPIRE KILLERS, etc. Otherwise, the cast, music and the balance of EXORCIST was very good, the best film of its kind since the minor classic THE OTHER, but, unfortunately, a potentially very great film was just that, only "very good."

Jim Williamson, 6546 Izard, Omaha, Neb.

Dear CTB: According to Linda Blair, the head-burping trick was done with a liberal amount of perfume applied to the back of her body. I completely agree with Joe Camp Jr.'s favorable assessment of the film. The acting is generally terrific, the effects beautiful (or should I say beautifully hideous?) and the story itself is striking.

I feel that the budget "fixer" used as INSIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD are largely overstated, and I found ROSEMARY'S BABY quite good, though being out, can't understand why many horror fans have been unmercifully given short shrift simply because they are "horror films."

THE EXORCIST is certainly one of the best publicized films of our time, but it was word-of-mouth, not some horrific ad campaign, that created the film's phenomenal success. That popularity can be bought is a more dramatically displayed by CLEOPATRA, probably the American film of the year, and, most recently, THE GREAT GATSBY.

THE EXORCIST will only be remembered as one of the greatest films ever made, but Blatty's story was a natural with tremendous potential that would have possibly been better served by any number of directors. Can you imagine what Kubrick could have done with such a story? (I wouldn't like to see it, but I'm sure he'd have done a better job than Blatty did.) Or how about the old master, Hitchcock? And wouldn't it have taken a god to see Bogdanovich take a shot at something without nostalgic truthto? Friedkin's almost fanatical pacing left Blatty's theme in shreds. In spite of EXORCIST, I don't consider Friedkin a great director, at least not yet, but he is a courageous one.

Gray Marceaux, P.O. Box 236, Gayden, La.

Dear CTB: I have always remarked on how mature CofF is, but after reading your feature on *THE EXORCIST* I have my doubts. In your analysis you state that some people

take what others write, i have this hard to believe. I saw the film after reading the book and seeing all the publicity. I still hold that the book is better, though I do hold "scary" movie. It was a big put on. Anyone who saw it and became ill obviously should not see a movie like that since they apparently are unaware that EXORCIST is an image, and a fictitious one at that. The film was blown completely out of proportion by publicity. The book is a classic, well balanced, and it cannot be compared to the film. It is indeed right over some of the very important things that Blatty's novel had to say.

My main reason for writing, though, is that the most shameful section was in the article, "The Curse That Haunts Over the Exorcist," wrote Friedkin said. "But after all I've seen and experienced, I definitely believe in demons and ghosts." Doesn't he know that it is only a story? Or does he believe himself? Believing that the film is a documented fact? Does he also believe that King Kong, the Frankensteins Monster and the Wolfman actually exist because he saw them in a film?

Paul J. Collins, Jr., Andover, New Hampshire.

Dear CTB: Having learned the truth about Linda Blair's super performance in her tremendous action on *THE EXORCIST* (that she had indeed won the role over standard, but was always second fiddle), I am sending you the letter I have sent to the *mail* in an effort to guess (written before getting CofF). It had told her that I had to the "Marnie" theory about what happened on the movie set, because Warner Bros. would abide by California's statute which were intended to protect minors from indecency. Well, I suppose that if she has finally read my letter, it would indicate that I am a stodgy. Please do my logic crinkly crinkly.

I was glad to see on page 45 a some three my favorite serial, *THE PHANTOM EMPIRE*, I can still recall it vividly and could recite all the chapter titles. Supporting Gene Autry and Frankie Darro were little Bing Rose and two cowboy comedians, Dorothy Christie (who was in "Bright Eyes") was Queen Tisa, an excellent actress. I thought when we read the review's statement about "these supporting cast" not helping much. There was a strong plot and good characterizations, and also realistic drawing of the time. Some special effects were good, others laughable. It was the arms of terror saving robots that was really planned, and the all-purpose pyrotechnics that were poor pieces. The musical score for Murnau's *Lustig nachts* (for ancient Athens or Lemuria), because designed from over us, perhaps. V.M. Waugh, 417 Michigan Ave., Duluth, Minn. 55806.

—By the way, we all owe a big thanks to Steve Myers not only for helping create the Friedkin interview but for the Corman interview, concluded in this issue. The above are among the best expressed letters out of the many that have passed in since our EXORCIST issue—and all proving one thing, not only is this one of the most controversial films ever made, but one whose multi-faceted qualities invite many to play the Devil's advocate. —CTB.

ZARDOZ For ZARDOZ?

Dear CTB: I think you missed the boat on your ZARDOZ article, Mr. Myers compared

it with 2001: SPACE ODYSSEY many times. I feel that any such comparison can only be superficial. These both were made by already well established directors, both are highly visual, original, creative films, and both received普遍好评. However, there are no real similarities upon which anyone may say the similarity ends there. While 2001 is indeed a masterpiece, ZARDOZ is a secondary, out-of-the-mill movie. Despite all its gloss and publicity, it's just another "What will the world be like after World War III?" affair. While there is nothing inherently wrong with this type of theme, it rarely lends itself to being anything more profound or meaningful. The only imagination necessary for a film is that needed to think of a new omelet, whether it be eggs or computers that takes over the world.

Still, director Boorman could have made ZARDOZ a fine adventure film. His premise of Eternals, come by immortality, and Brutus, who miraculously kill the "Sub-human" path may be true. But ZARDOZ is essentially good. Unfortunately, he could not think of anything original to do with it, so he added up with a mess of a movie.

Nearly everything in it is taken from another source. The idea of preserving man's knowledge in a safe place during a time of tumult comes from LOST HORIZON; the barbarian whose intellectual capacity dwarfs that of any civilian man is TA RANAN all over again; Similarities between PLANET OF THE APES and THE MACHINE are obvious also. One of the first scenes in the movie, in which people are aged for their crimes, could have been most effective, but Boorman lacked the ability to do that, so he made it a big joke. Which, come to think of it, is what the whole movie turned out to be.

Finally, stuck for an ending, Boorman has Zed give the secret of the Yatnamide vehicles back to Earth, the Earth, and, by merely pointing a pistol deathly at him, makes the greatest genius never come. So, basically all the main characters die off, except Zed and the girl, who go off like Adam and Eve, and start a new world. Big deal.

Brian Smith, 134 Arthur St., Garden City, N.Y. 11530.

—ZARDOZ' denunciations sell on purpose, as was evidenced enough in our articles. So what? Point is that it's one of the most non-linear, purest fantasy films Boorman just about completely disregarded conventional attitudes, the basis for creativity is in not fretting over what others may think. Just do it if you think it's okay. —CTB.

Dear CTB: I enjoyed the exposure you gave it (in CofF) to ZARDOZ, MUTANT ATTACKS, ZARDOZ and MONDO LOBO. I saw all three, and by far ZARDOZ is the most ambitious Stanley ever made since at least 2001. I do feel John Boorman got himself a bit too wrapped up in his own vision to make a film clear in conceptual meaning. Consequently it's an ambitious failure that has just too many meanings, too many interpretations as to what he was trying to say. I think the endings undoubtedly will reveal new revelations.

MUTATIONS wasn't as bad as I had originally imagined. The cast carried it off with a minimum of self-indulgence, and the make-up/special effects were really very good. The deals were horrible but fascinate to watch. Many touches were taken from FREAKS, (Continued on p. 59)



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WHEN JOSEPH E. LEVINE goes into a new fantastic film project, money is no concern. For *Hercules and the Princess of Troy*—pilot film for a TV series—Levine invested \$25,000 in the monster alone! Famed Italian monster-maker Carlo Remelli went to work and designed the 25-foot long bug-eyed sea creature seen on these pages. Steel, plastic and ten miles of wire were used in the construction.

Affectionately dubbed Max by cast and crew during filming of the one-hour program in Italy and Yugoslavia, the monster contains an electronic system as intricate as the guts of a real monster! An IBM computer powers six large engines that animate Max, and two electronics experts manipulate the movements by remote control transistor radios.

In the story, Max terrorizes the city of Troy. To appease the hideous creature, the citizens of Troy offer young girls for sacrifice each month. Diane Hyland—seen previously on *Twilight Zone* and *Hitchcock*—guest stars as the girl Max most wants to take to dinner. Hercules asks permission to vanquish the enormous beast, and you can see the results of his life-death struggle.

Appearing as Hercules in the series, planned for the ABC-TV network, is Gordon Scott—who has had plenty of experience slaying monsters in *Goliath and the Vampires* and other

films. But Gordon is best known for his portrayal of Tarzan. (Arriving in Hollywood on a Wednesday, he screen-tested for Tarzan on Friday and signed the contract on Saturday!) Today, he personifies the legendary hero. "I figure if I'm happy, that's job satisfaction," he smiles. "If the producers are happy, that's job security. And if my fans are happy—that's entertainment."

Other regulars are Mart Haasvit who plays Ulysses and Paul "The

Musk" Stevens who appears as Diogenes. The "Princess of Troy" episode was directed by Albert Band; a former assistant to John Huston, Band made his mark as a fright film director with *I Bury The Living* starring Richard Boone. (One of the few low-budget horror movies selected for network telecasting, *I bury The Living* displayed a directorial skill seldom found in films of the genre.)

—Wilbur Whately



Feeling in its efforts to defeat the gallant warriors and friends of Hercules, the monster ends in inglorious defeat. (Bottom photo and meets its demise. It even looks pretty dead, kaput, etc.)





FREAKS AND OTHER

Above and below: scenes from *FREAKS* (1932). Opposite page: *THE MUTATIONS* (1974).

When Columbia Pictures started to release *THE MUTATIONS* a few months ago (see complete details in CoF 22), it was inevitable, and obvious, that comparisons would be made between it and *FREAKS*, certainly one of the most controversial and censored films of all time.

Defying all precedents and fortunate in being produced in a more sophisticated generation, *MUTATIONS* is the first film in over 40 years to employ a full cast of actual real-life freaks, but also go further by integrating them within the framework of a chilling no-holds-barred sci-fi-horror thriller.

Several tepid efforts have been made, of course, to emulate *FREAKS*, such as *THE HOUSE OF THE DAMNED* (1963), resulting in failure.

Due to the unusual curiosity and demand that CoF's readers have evinced following our feature article on *MUTATIONS*, herewith then is the full story of its august and troubled progenitor, *FREAKS*. —CTB.





HER MUTATIONS

By KEN BEALE

"To me *FREAKS* is so loathsome that I am nauseated thinking about it. The producers give the excuse that these creatures are all in the circus . . . but that does not give them the right to do with them as this picture does."

—Film reviewer in *HARRISON'S REPORTS*, 1932

Out of all the many horreous films, one stands out. Not so much for its mood of terror (although there is plenty of that in the scene climax) but because of its unique quality. There was never a picture like *FREAKS* before; there will probably never be again.

The screen has seen monstrosities aplenty, crawling, cowering, shivvy horrors without number, deformed and hideous specimens of alleged humanity in as wild an array of shapes as the imagination can conceive. But audiences, watching these horrible creatures, somehow were not too strongly affected. They knew that beneath the crippled exteriors lurked entirely normal human crea-

dured hideously by the makeup-men art. Or else, that the grotesque creatures were animated models, brought to life by the magic of the camera, but *FREAKS* was different. Its chills had an extra quality, for its monstrosities were REAL: not made-up actors or synthetic dummies, but actual, living, breathing human beings, deformed into their strange shapes by a vagary of nature. Yet, the horrible creatures you see in the pictures accompanying this article are not actors, but genuine human oddities.

It is this which provoked such reactions as the one above, quoted from a movie trade paper at the time of the film's release. Here are others:

"The difficulty is in telling whether it should be shown at the Rialto Theatre—where it opened yesterday—or in, say, the Medical Center. *FREAKS* is no normal film, but whether it deserves the title of abominal is a matter of personal opinion."

—*N. Y. TIMES*

" . . . a bold day for lovers of the





Above: anomalies convening in *FREAKS*. Below: a monstrous hybrid in *MUTATIONS*.



Below: engagement party scene in *FREAKS*. Right: Harry Earles enchanted by evil Olga Basanova who is already plotting his death, in *FREAKS*.



masacre . . . To some it will be fascinating in its goryiqueness; others will find it revolting.

—N.Y. WORLD-TELEGRAM

" . . . I don't think that everyone on earth should see it. It's certainly not for susceptible young people."

—THE NEW YORKER

"As a horror story, it is either too horrible or not horrible enough, according to the viewpoint."

—VARIETY

"Mr. Browning has always been an expert in pathological machinery, but after seeing *FREAKS*, his other films seem but whimsical nursery tales."

—N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

FREAKS was written and directed by the late Tod Browning. A former circus performer, he got his start during the silent era; his first real success was *THE UNHOLY THREE*. Made in 1932, this was a thriller about three circus performers who turned up to commit crimes.

They were a ventriloquist (Lon Chaney), a strong man (Victor McLaglen), and aidgett (Harry Earles). It was remade in 1960, as Chaney's only talkie:



film, again with Browning at the helm.

LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT, made in 1926 with Clancy, was a horror film, even though the horror was "explained away" at the end. Browning remade it also, in 1935, as MARK OF THE VAMPIRE. Bela Lugosi starred. But his most famous film role was 1931's DRACULA, the Bram Stoker classic, which made Lugosi's name synonymous with Vampire.

Despite Browning's practiced hand at the helm, FREAKS was not a success. It was a little TOO horrible. Audiences did not enjoy this particular brand of fright. Throughout the years, this picture has built up an almost legendary reputation, as the "ultimate" horror film. It has been revived occasionally, and the audience reactions have proven it has not lost its chilling power. But large-scale revival was never undertaken, and so far as the stuff of FRANKENSTEIN can determine, it has never been seen on television.

The plot of FREAKS revolves around the unhappy romance of two circus performers: a midget (Harry Earles, of THE UNHOLY THREE), and a trapeze artist, Cleopatra (Olga Baclanova). He falls hopelessly in love with the beauti-



Above: MUTATIONS' horrific Venus fly-trap creature deals out death. Below: circus clown Wallace Ford overhears the latest gossip in FREAKS.



MUTATIONS: below—the Venus fly-trap creature. Left: by popular demand, a larger, clearer shot of Esther Blackmon, the Alligator lady.



ful serialist, but she ignores him until she learns he is heir to a fortune. Then she agrees to marry him, and leaves him away from his midget fiancee (Doris Earles). Together with her lover, the circus strong man (Harry Victor), she plans to slowly poison the midget, and inherit his money.

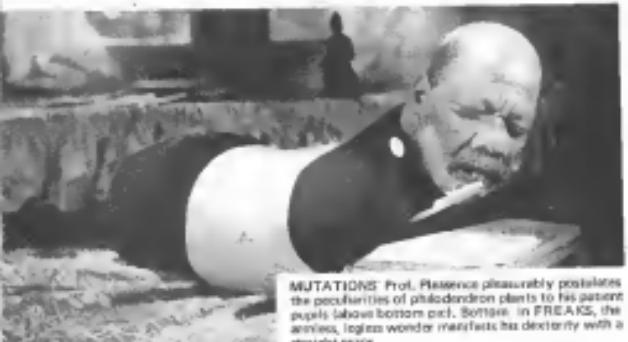
The rest of the freaks, who form a kind of brotherhood, overcome their dislike of Cleopatra and decide to admit her to their society. They have a banquet for the newly-wed couple. But the drunken bride rebels them, overacts insults at them, and storms out.

The freaks do not forgive her. They keep watch on her, and learn of her evil plans. One stormy night she and the strong man prepare to murder the midget. But the other freaks arrive in time to prevent it. In the movie's most terrifying scene, they chase the trapeze artist through the dark, rain-swept woods. Wriggling and crawling along the ground, they inexorably pursue her, and catch her.

In the shocking epilogue, we see that somehow Cleopatra has been turned into a freak like the others. She is an exhibit in an enclosure, as a bird-woman. The revenge of the freaks is complete.



FREAKS: once beautiful Olga (above) is turned into a loathsome creature by the revenging freaks in retribution for her unconscionable evil. Below, right: referee Dr. Donald Pleasence held fast in a death-hold by his own creation, the Venus Fly-trap monster.



MUTATIONS: Prof. Pleasence plausibly postulates the peculiarities of phalangodendron plants to his patient pupils (above bottom pic). Bottom: in FREAKS, the apenoid, legless wonder manifests his dexterity with a straight razor.





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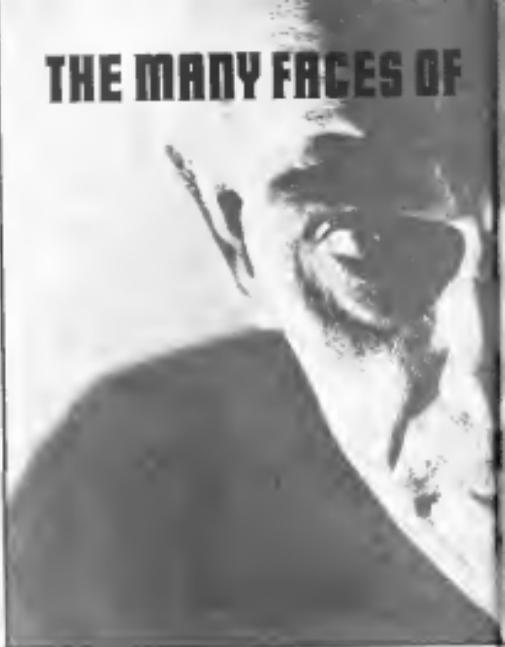
GOTHIC CASTLE
509 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10017



When we interviewed Boris Karloff, he had just moved into an apartment in Kensington, a fashionable London residential area. The presence of painters and the paraphernalia of interior decoration did not lend itself to the sinister atmosphere we had anticipated. Our knock was answered by the vivacious Mrs. Karloff who ushered us into the apartment, still in the process of being renovated. From a room hidden to our eyes came a greeting in that mild English voice famous throughout the world. Then, suddenly, Boris Karloff stood framed in the doorway, much taller and better built than we had been led to believe by erroneous reports of a withered and declining 78-year old. Not at all standing before us, he seemed to personify the radiant and mature good health associated with the British.

A blue carpet led us to his cheerful and tastefully furnished study. Here was no somber corner of a cold Carpathian castle . . . no hint of dark malevolent spirits. Instead, the warm London sunlight filtered through a large window. Cricket trophies and a bookshelf crammed with historical texts and volumes by the late Winston Churchill displayed the patriotic tastes of the very British Mr. Karloff. The only disturbing accessory to the room was a silver oxygen cylinder which bore

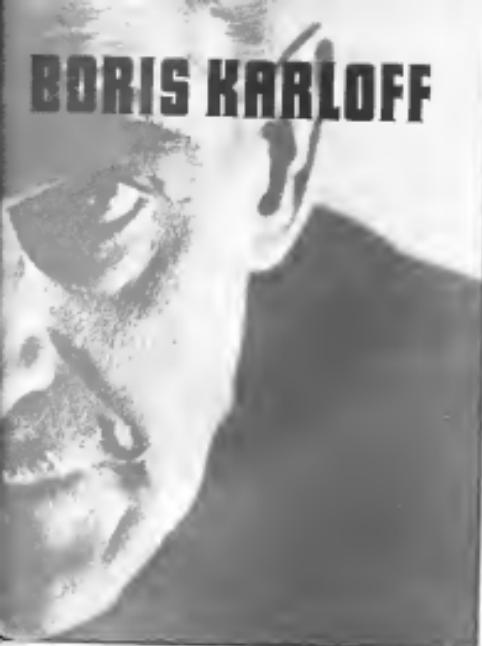
THE MANY FACES OF



Above: *The Black Cat* (1934). Left: *Frankenstein* (1931). Below: *Abbott & Costello Meet Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde* (1953).



BORIS KARLOFF



Above right: *The Mummy* (1932). Below: *Frankenstein* (1931).



mute testimony of a recent illness. Seated in comfortable armchairs, we began by showing a 1933 interview in which Karloff had stated that he would not like to return to London because of the many changes since his departure. How, we asked, did he find the old place in 1966? . . .

KARLOFF: Well, it's strange, of course. I found great changes when I first came home in 1933. Not so much in London—that was a rather peculiar thing. I found much more changes in the countryside because I left England in 1909 to go to Canada, and, in the interval, there had been the great advent of the motorcar, you see. That opened up great arterial highways and all the rest of it. There were lots of new buildings and that sort of thing, of course. In London, with the smoke and the grime, they weather so quickly it all becomes part of the scene, you know, and you don't notice it so much.

Cof: Do you think you could settle a very important biographical controversy . . . Are your real Christian names William Henry or Charles Edward?

KARLOFF: William Henry! I don't know how that Charles Edward came about. Somebody, when I was under contract at Universal, I think, made the mistake in the pub-



SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (1931).

shot in continuity . . . they're spread over so long a time. It's hard to sustain a thing in film—especially when it's not known in which order it's going to be shown.

CaFi: What sort of films do you go to yourself?

KARLOFF: I don't go to a great deal, really.

CaFi: What about the rumor that it was Lon Chaney who introduced you to films?

KARLOFF: Good heavens, no! I had been on stage for ten years, and I found myself in San Francisco. A friend went to Los Angeles ahead of me; he was going to organize a vaudeville sketch at the Variety Stage. I came down to join him, but it didn't work out so I began as an extra in films. When I was playing bits and small parts, I met Lon Chaney twice on the studio lot . . . but that's all.

CaFi: Most of your biographies list HIS MAJESTY, THE AMERICAN (1919) as your first film.

KARLOFF: That is true. I was an extra in that with Douglas Fairbanks.

licity department. If a thing ever goes out, you know, it never dies; it crops up again and again.

KARLOFF: Were you born in Enfield or Dulwich?

KARLOFF: Dulwich.

CaFi: Have you a personal preference for villainous parts?

KARLOFF: No, not really. I think all actors get typed. I know they rebel against it. Some actors do . . . or they are supposed to . . . I don't know if they really do. But I think all actors are typed, and when you are typed, you're a very lucky man . . . because the audience has shown a preference, I think the audience must be your master. They've shown a preference for what they like to see you do, and I think you ought to stick to it.

CaFi: But you were able to get out of it with Colonel March, weren't you?

KARLOFF: I don't quite understand what you mean by "get out of it." If you're thinking of the Frankenstein Monster, I only played him three times . . . and that was a

long time ago.

CaFi: But one wouldn't really call him a villain . . .

KARLOFF: No, I know when youngsters wrote to me at the time, if anything, they expressed great compassion for the Monster.

CaFi: Do you think this is because most of your villains have been victims of circumstances?

KARLOFF: Well, I think most villains are . . . even in real life. I hadn't thought about it particularly. I don't think the average chap who gets into trouble—call him a villain if you like—deliberately sets out to do that. I think people get caught up in things as they happen.

CaFi: You've worked in both films and theater . . .

KARLOFF: Oh yes, I began in theater; I had ten years in the theater.

CaFi: Which do you prefer?

KARLOFF: Theater—it's live, it's immediate, it's a sustained effort and it's in continuity. It's much harder work than films and much more difficult because films aren't

THRILLER (NBC-TV, 1960).





Enchanted by Elsa Lanchester's presence in **THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** (1935).

CoFi: You didn't make one previously with Anna Pavlova . . . **THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI** (1916)?

KARLOFF: Not that I know of . . . (laughing) . . . Don't believe everything you read!

CoFi: There are many different accounts of how you were cast as the Monster in **FRANKENSTEIN**. What really happened?

KARLOFF: What really happened was this: I'd been in a play in Los Angeles called **THE CRIMINAL CODE**. It was sent out from New York with four or five parts to be cast locally, and I had the luck to get one that was very showy—small, but it was very showy and well spotted in the play. I think James Whale, the director, saw it. A few months later it was filmed. Because I'd been in the play, I had the chance to play the same part in the film, and I think he'd also seen that. I was working at Universal at the time, and James Whale was in the commissary having lunch. He asked me over to his table to have a cup of coffee and said he wanted me to take a test

for the Monster. I can only assume that he had seen **THE CRIMINAL CODE**—either the play or the film. I didn't ask him, and he didn't tell me.

CoFi: Did you ever see the very first version of **FRANKENSTEIN** made in 1910 by Thomas Edison?

KARLOFF: No, I never did. I didn't know it had been made; it's news to me. I knew it had been done as a play—here in London, I believe.

CoFi: It's said that Bela Lugosi made tests for the part. Did you ever see these?

KARLOFF: No, I never did, but I was once told that he insisted on doing his makeup himself—and did this awful hairy creature, not at all like our Monster.

CoFi: How much of the conception of the Monster's appearance came from Jack Pierce?

KARLOFF: All of it . . . except for one very tiny detail. It was effective because he experimented and tried all sorts of things. Finally, when we were in the last stages

and getting it down to what it would be, my eyes seemed too normal and alive and natural for a thing that had only just been put together and born, so to speak. I said, "Let's see if we can do something about it" . . . and we played around . . . and I said, "Let's put some putty on the lids." He put some putty on and shaped it so that the lids were the same . . . and that was it. It was trying to veil them . . .

CoFi: What kind of director was Whale?

KARLOFF: Oh, a fine one . . . a very fine director indeed. He did **JOURNEY'S END**, the play which R. C. Sheriff wrote. A very, very fine director indeed . . .

CoFi: Why was the scene with the little girl cut?

KARLOFF: Well, that was the only time I didn't like Jimmy Whale's direction. We were on our knees opposite each other when the moment came that there were no more flowers. My conception of the scene was that he would look up at the little girl in bewilderment, and, in

his mind, she would become a flower. Without moving, he would pick her up gently and put her in the water exactly as he had done to the flower—and, to his horror, she would sink. Well, Jimmy made me pick her up and do THAT [motions violently] over my head which became a brutal and deliberate act. By no stretch of the imagination could you make that innocent. The whole pathos of the scene, to my mind, should have been—and I'm sure that's the way it was written—completely innocent and unaware. But the moment you do THAT it's a deliberate thing . . . and I insisted on that part being removed.

Caf: Of the three films in which you played the Monster, which did you prefer?

KARLOFF: The first. In the second they made a great mistake about which I also complained, but, you know, you don't have much say in it. The speech . . . stupid! My argument was that if the Monster had any impact or charm, it was because he was inarticulate . . . this great, lumbering inarticulate creature. The moment he spoke you might as well take the mick or play



THE TOWER OF LONDON (1939). Above: conspiring with Basil Rathbone. Below: with Basil and Brenda Marshall. Considered too explicit in its violence and vivid torture chamber sequences, the film underwent pre-release cutting, and even a certain degree of pressure was applied against it during its initial distribution.



it straight, in the third one I didn't like it because they changed his clothes completely . . . wrapped him up in furs and muck, and he just became nothing. I mean the makeup, like the clothes, had become part of him. If you accepted the convention that he lived or came to live, as it were, at the end of the film . . . after practically being destroyed . . . you could accept that he wore the same clothes to meet the script. So the first one I enjoyed . . . which was the best of the three.

Caf: Several years later you made *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* in which Glenn Strange played the Monster . . .

KARLOFF: That's right, and, in the meantime, it had been played by Lugosi and Lon Chaney Jr. . . . and then Glenn Strange.

Caf: What did you think of Strange's Monster?

KARLOFF: Well, he wasn't as lucky as I was. I got the cream of it, being the first. I know I wished him lots of luck . . . hoping it would do as much for him as it did for me, but . . .

Caf: Have you seen any of the recent color versions?

KARLOFF: No, I haven't seen any of them. I've seen a few of the so-called "horror" films made in Amer-



Above: Bela Lugosi and Karloff in *THE BLACK CAT* (1934). Below: *BLACK SABBATH* (1963).

ico, and I think a mistake is made when they go in for shock for the sake of shock instead of letting it work out naturally from the story and situation and character. I think it really rather vulgarizes it. (It was with that in mind that I refused to play the Monster after the third one. I could see exactly what was going to happen.) The word "horror" is the wrong word. I've always contended; it's pedantic, perhaps, but the meaning of the word "horror" is revulsion, and, of course, that isn't the idea at all. I think it rather lends itself to the cheapened quality that has crept in—which is a pity because these stories always have an audience in spite of any changing fashions. I've thought it must be because they have their roots very deep in the various folklores and legends of every race in the world. You could make these films without dialogue. They would be better without dialogue.

CoF: Did you enjoy working on *THRILLER*?

KARLOFF: Very much, indeed. The man who produced it, Bill Frys, is a very good friend of my wife and I, and I have great respect for him. I think he's a wonderful producer and a great loss to television—he's gone to Columbia to make films.

CoF: You made several films with

Bela Lugosi. What's your opinion of him?

KARLOFF: He was a very fine actor and a wonderful technician; in his younger days he had been the leading man at the State Theatre in Budapest. Poor Bela had two troubles . . . I think he remained slightly old-fashioned in his acting. He didn't grow with the times, and I think one must. He didn't really learn the language in which he earned his bread and butter, and that made it difficult for him. He was in America much longer than Peter Lorre. I've worked with both . . . in fact, we all worked together in a film with Kay Kyser. But there was no difficulty for Peter; he really got down to the language. Bela didn't, and I think that handicapped him enormously. It was a pity.

CoF: Were you helped in your Oriental roles—Fu Manchu and Mr. Wong—by diplomatic training?

KARLOFF: I didn't have any. No. I had two elder brothers in the ICS, and two were in the consular service in China. The elder of the two—who still lives—was in the Foreign Office for many years in charge of Far Eastern affairs. I was supposed





Above: **FRANKENSTEIN 1958**. Boris is in too macabre form again, playing a direct descendant of the Frankenstein family, no less than Baron Victor von Frankenstein. A U.S. TV show uses his gormit facilities, unaware he is back in the monster reactivation business again.

to go into the same service, but I didn't want to. I couldn't pass the exam anyhow, I wanted to be an actor, I didn't have any.

Caf: You made **BLACK SABBATH** in Italy. Did you enjoy working there?

KARLOFF: Very much — except that it was brutally cold, and the hotel was a sort of marble palace. They don't warm up with one match being struck, and it was there that I got quite ill. I came back to England at the end of the film. I was able to complete it with a good deal of difficulty; I was desperately ill that summer. I had a very narrow squeak, and it left my lungs, as you can hear, very short-winded. I had pneumonia.

Caf: Wasn't there an unusual ending to the story in the Italian version with the camera pulling back to show the Wurdulak on a rocking horse . . . ?

KARLOFF: Yes, it was a most amusing ending, really. Sort of getting on this rocking horse and everything. The producers in Hollywood didn't like it, and they had a very valid point. If there had been any suggestion of comedy in any of the three stories, then this would have fled in. But there was no suggestion whatsoever, and this would have come as such a shock that it would have destroyed the film. I

don't know if they were right. I think they must have been because they are very intelligent men and very successful. [Nichols and Arkoff of American-International] They know their market; they know their field very well, and they've been extremely considerate to me. I'm most grateful to them.

Caf: In 1953 you made another film in Italy—**IL MOSTRA DELL'ISOLA**—[The Monster of the Island] . . .

KARLOFF: Oh, yes. Oh, God.

Caf: Can you recall much about this one?

KARLOFF: No, I haven't the least idea what it was like. Incredible! Dreadful! No one in the outfit spoke English; I don't speak Italian. Just hopeless. I had a very good time, but that's beside the point.

Caf: **DIE, MONSTER, DIE!** is based on Lovecraft . . . and your previous professional encounter with Lovecraft was when you included one of his stories in your anthology . . .

KARLOFF: Yes, I had to read thousands in choosing the stories, and they were very pleased with the result. I know that Lovecraft is regarded as one of the masters of this sort of thing.

Caf: You recently hosted the science fiction TV series **OUT OF THIS WORLD**. Do you think the rise of science fiction on mass media





ABOVE: A & C MEET DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE. Formerly Universal Studios, the late Ed Paxton, doubled for Boris and many others in such notable monster flicks as *Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man* (as Liger's double) and *A & C Meet Frankenstein* (doubtfully for Glenn Strange). Below: co-starring with Vincent Price in Roger Corman's *THE RAVEN* (1963).



is going to mean less gothic horror in the future?

KARLOFF: No, I think it's all part of the general pattern. The only trouble with science fiction is as someone said during the war, "It's no good doing a play with this sort of thing. You can't compete with the headlines." With science fiction it's pretty hard to compete with what is actually happening today.

Caf: Just after you completed *FRANKENSTEIN 1970*, you were widely quoted as having said, "They don't know how to make decent horror films any more."

KARLOFF: I don't think I ever said that—not publicly anyway.

Caf: Which director have you most enjoyed working with?

KARLOFF: Films? . . . I should say Lionel Barrymore! That was the first sound film I worked in . . . at MGM. I'd worked with him before . . . as an actor in a silent film called *THE BELLS*. That was for an independent company before we went to MGM. It was wonderful for me working with him as an actor; I admired him enormously. And then at MGM I worked in the film he directed (*THE UNHOLY NIGHT*), and he was absolutely marvelous. In those early days of sound, it was all rather primitive. We were short of stages, the hours were too long and

he just couldn't cope with it. It was a great loss. He was a great director, and I think he was a wonderful character actor. Of the three Barrymores, I'd say he was the best of the three.

Caf: What's the approach of Daniel Haller who directed *DIE, MONSTER, DIE!*?

KARLOFF: Well, it's his first film, and he was under great pressure, I enjoyed working with him. I think he's going to make a good director . . . you see, he's a wonderful art director; he did all the sets for *THE RAVEN*. I think he's got a great future.

Caf: One final question—what part would you most like to have played?

KARLOFF: I never have really bothered about that. I think it's much better for somebody outside yourself to choose the part. You can always say no. You always know what you can't do. But when you say, "I'd like to do that," maybe it's something you can do, maybe you can't. Let the other people choose for you.

Caf: Thank you very much, Mr. Karloff.

KARLOFF: Not at all.

END

Interviewers: Mike Parry and Harry Nadler.



The great face of horror is 1974: not a vampiric, strange beauty nor anything else but a teenager possessed by the Devil. Below: Ellen Burstyn wrestles with Linda in an early seizure scene.



I recently had the opportunity to talk with Linda Blair about THE EXORCIST and the problems and ordeal she underwent during filming. In real life, 15-year-old Linda bears little resemblance to the Devil-possessed Regan. Gone are the blotches of blood, the yellow eyes, the runny nose and the frothing mouth. Miss Blair is a young beauty who doesn't appear at all affected by her searing screen portrayal.

"I love the movie very much . . . I'm very proud of it," Linda exclaimed when I asked how she felt about the finished product. "I'm the same person that I was before the film. My friends at school and my family treat me the same. I look at the film technically. After all, it took between two and three hours to apply the makeup, and we were always laughing between takes."

Has the portrayal affected Linda? In her own words, "absolutely no." Talking with more maturity than many people twice her age, Linda said she never bothered "getting into my Regan

THE POSSESSION OF LINDA BLAIR

Regan (Linda Blair) demonstrates her creative writing by creating a way herb "bung" in THE EXORCIST.

role. I never had to work myself up emotionally for filming each day. I thought of the role positively, but if I had gotten into the part too much, I could have possibly had problems."

Describing the filming crew as "wonderful," Miss Blair also expressed delight with EXORCIST director William Friedkin, whom she called "incredible, warm and brilliant."

The special effects did cause her some minor discomfort. Her day began at 7 a.m. when the makeup for the possessed Regan was applied. Then, she worked straight through until 5 p.m. and sometimes much later. The most strenuous segment of the film occurred during the freezing bedroom scene. "I had heating pads on my arms and had to hold heaters in my hands to keep warm," she explained, curling her fingers to show how she hid the heaters from the camera. "They built a special 'hot room' which was kept at 98 or 100 degrees, and if I got too cold, they would take me into there."

One other inconvenience occurred during a segment which required Regan



to be propelled back and forth on her bed. "They had a machine specially built to push me back and forth, but something on it came loose, and it kept banging into my back causing bruises and a deep red mark"—Linda ran her fingers across her back to show me where the bruise appeared. Did she have a difficult time staying on top of the bed during the shaking scene? "No," she replied, smiling, "but it did help when Ellen (Burstyn) was on there to hold on to."

Shortly, Linda heads back to Westport, Conn., to ninth grade in Coleytown Junior High School where she is "treated just like one of the kids." At school, her favorite subject is math.

Although she lost the bid for an Academy Award for Best Supporting Actress, Linda did receive the coveted Golden Globe Award for Best Supporting Actress. EXORCIST director William Friedkin and screenwriter William Peter Blatty also won Golden Globes. Rumors have been circulating that Friedkin and author-producer Blatty had been fighting on the set during the production, but according to Linda, the set was a place of perfect harmony with no fights, jealousy or temper tantrums—just expert filmmaking.

My questions about relationships on the set and certain special effects



Chris MacNeil (Ellen Burstyn) and daughter Regan (Linda Blair) take a moment alone in the Georgetown area, unaware of the nightmares that will soon confront them.



Regan is beginning to experience severe nightmares while trying to sleep. Opposite page: Regan informs Chris of something that's disturbing her.







Above: part of *THE EXORCIST*'s traumatic finale showing Regan's (Linda Blair) last phase of demonic possession. Opposite page: Father Merrin (above)—Max von Sydow—in the early trap sequence. Below: Fr. Merrin attempting to exorcise Regan.





were sidestepped by Linda. "I don't think I should answer those," she said, with an agreeable smile but determination. She refused to comment on the voice dubbing by Mercedes McCambridge and the rumor that a stand-in was employed during the masturbation sequence.

THE EXORCIST is Linda's first screen appearance, but she starred in more than 100 commercials including ones for mustard and chewing gum, and recently she signed for a supporting role in AIRPORT 1975.

Linda Blair looks much older than the Regan MacNeil on the screen because the film took two years to complete. On screen, the possessed Regan MacNeil spewed bile at a priest, grabbed a psychiatrist by the genitals, turned her head around a full 360 degrees, pinched her mother in the mouth and shouted unspeakable obscenities. Off-screen, Linda Blair is also possessed—but this time with courtesy and intelligence, not Satana.

— Lou Gau



**KING
OF
HORROR**
Roger Corman
part 2

CoF: What was the approximate production budget on *FANTASTIC PLANET*?

R.C. That's hard to say since it's in one of those areas where there are percentages back and forth. That is, the Czechs were paid a certain amount by the French and, in turn, got a certain percentage of the world market. In a deal like this, your budget gets vague. They have quoted that if they paid for everything in straight cash, it would have been about \$800, \$900,000— maybe a million, which is expensive, though not expensive for animation.

CoF: How did the script originate?

R.C. It came from a French science fiction novel, and the original concept came from Dentans and Vallo, the two French producers who bought the novel. It's their first feature; they've worked in both live action and animation in short subjects and documentaries. They are highly regarded in Paris, where they have been commercially successful, and have won many awards with their shorts, but this is their first attempt at a feature.

CoF: You said you had some of the cells from the film. Were they drawn overexposed?

R.C. Yes, I do. They're about this big [RC gestures approximately 8" X 10"]. I can't tell exactly...

CoF: But it must have been to get all that quality.

R.C. Yes, there's great detail within. Particularly so much more shading as opposed to the flatter type.

CoF: Are there exhibits of these cells anywhere in the country?

R.C. Yes, there will be. As we were saying, we might even have a little brochure, a glossary of some of the scientific terms of the Planet with a translation as to what they might mean in English. With *CRIBS AND WHISPERS* we prepared lobby displays and handed out little brochures which had stills from the picture and a little preface written by Bergman in as to some of his thoughts in connection with the film. We'll probably have a brochure like that enclosing stills, comments, a glossary and probably have lobby displays utilizing some of the original cells.

CoF: What about art galleries or something on that order?

R.C. That would be a very good idea.

CoF: And also sales of cells. You know, they distributed all the cells, we guess, from *YELLOW SUBMARINE*, and they were seen in many places for sale at about fifteen or twenty-five dollars a frame.

R.C. That sounds great to me. Laughing...*J*

CoF: And they were hard to get because they were all sold out.

R.C. Obviously it would be a fantastic work of art to have in your home. And I want to thank you. That's an extremely good idea. We are just starting our plans on it. As a matter of fact, we might be able to work something out with the Museum of Modern Art in conjunction with the opening in New York; especially since they've worked with films a great deal. As a matter of fact, with *CRIBS AND WHISPERS*



Opposite page: Ray Milland as the scientist who finally sees the face of God, in *X-THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES*. Above, left to right—Vincent Price, Roger Corman and Basil Rathbone, between takes in *TALES OF TERROR*.



FANTASTIC PLANET, released by Roger Corman's young distribution firm, New World Pictures, Inc.

we had a screening at the Museum.

Cof: Do you think that the financial failure of the past few *Bergman* films had something to do with the way UA handled the ad campaign?

R.C.: I think so. United Artists and most of the majors are not equipped to handle this type of film. One thing they may like the film—they may want it for prestige purposes—but at the same time they're interested in selling James Bond, which is what keeps that company going for the last couple of years, and various other films. The potential in an art film is nowhere near that point. So we'll do two or three ad campaigns with this picture. For a major, that's good, but not so phenomenal for them, and normally art films are 3-, 4-, 500,000 dollar grosses. These organizations are such that they can't really work behind a film like that, and they know it in advance. Their costs are just tremendous. For them to put out an ad campaign is very expensive. We believe we can come up with a better ad campaign for well under half their price, and we can handle a picture with more individual attention.

Cof: After three years, how does your company compare with other movie distributors?

R.C.: We're now probably the strongest independent distribution company. We're able, frankly, to use a little muscle on some of the weaker films and say, "Look, we're giving you ten pictures a year. If you want the relationship to continue, and so forth, you'd better push this picture." It's unfortunate you have to work that way, but it's a necessity. AIP was very good at that; they used muscle when they didn't even have it. When they were almost about to go under once or twice, they were still talking very loud and strong, saying, "You're not going to be with us next year if you don't push this picture." What they really meant was, "If you don't push this picture, we're not going to be here next year."

Cof: What was your experience with United Artists when you did *VON RICHTOFEN AND BROMY*, and were you satisfied?

R.C.: I was partially satisfied. The film was totally financed by them, but by their standards it was a low-budget picture. It cost about \$900,000 and, if you know how much it costs to do flying sequences, that meant it was really low budget to get all the aerial stuff in at \$900,000. My relationship with them then and since and previously—I've made a series of films for them—has been basically good. Two areas I had slight complaints on are *VON RICHTOFEN*:

One, I didn't get the cast I wanted. This has been a continuing thing with other majors. You're subject to their decision as to who is worth what in the leads. And I'm not a big believer, particularly, in those medium-budget films with great star names. If you get a Paul Newman or a MacQueen, that's one thing. But to get a middle-budget name, I don't have great faith. I'd just as soon go with total unknowns. And the majors continually demand these kind of middle-bracket names that I don't think help the picture in any way. And then they really did one thing that really hurt the film. The film was more successful in Europe than it was in the USA, and I had predicted that after their decision which way this, if you know the film is taken place half on the German side and half on the English side. We shot it in Ireland and the English were played by English, so they had English accents. And I said to them, "I can play the Germans either way. You simply set up a convention on accents. I can play them as Americans and after the first sentence

that's spoken, the audience will understand 'American in German.' Or I can play them with German accents. I can do it either way. I prefer to do it straight American, so there's American accents and English accents, and that's it. But I'll go the other way because it's your money. Tell me what you want."

They thought about it and agreed it would be played by Americans. When the picture was finished and I showed them the rough cut, they were shaking my hand and slapping me on the back, saying, "It's wonderful. It's really great. But—just one thing: obviously we're going to have to get rid of those American accents and do German accents in..."

Which is what we did. And it really bothered me because, for one thing, the cost of flying all the Americans to Ireland, so I'd have the American accents, and then being told to do them, made it blow about \$10,000 in extra money doing that.

And, two: we lost the original performances. I said, "You guys are really hurting the picture in the States, and you're going to end up getting more money in Europe where all the pictures are dubbed anyway, and this gross error will not be evident." And that's what happened. That's one of the reasons I've put most of my attention into our young company, New World. That's standard with the majors, and they're not trying to hurt the picture, they're simply exceeding their judgement on a whole series of pictures. So they don't really have time to consider the nuances of each individual one. Although I'll knock them a little bit for that, I don't want to knock them too harshly.

Cof: What have been your projects since then?

R.C.: Since then... Well, we're having a kind of slice run with a picture I produced with my brother [Gene Coons] for UA, *A STRAIGHT ACTION FILM WITH JIM BROWN: I ESCAPED FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND*. Another New World film, *SEVEN BLOWS OF THE DRAGON*, was made with the Shaw brothers in Hong Kong. It's a kung fu film, but not in the normal vein. All kung fu films as far have been contemporary, rather wild films. This is an extremely well-made and very big historical epic that we took because it is the biggest and best of the kung fu pictures. We don't know how it will do, but since it's such an obviously well-made picture, the audience should like it. On the other hand, since it's historical, it will not fit in with the current kung fu fad. But, again, we took it somewhat as we took *FANTASTIC PLANET*: we liked the picture in preference to various other pictures we might have taken.

And we're preparing a number of other films for next year. I bought a novel called *COCKFIGHTER* by Charles Willowford, which will star Warren Oates. It takes place in northern Florida and southern Georgia. We'll start shooting around spring.

Cof: What are your own projects as a director?

R.C.: I don't plan to direct probably for another year. The development of New World has been so time consuming and so difficult, I feel that I should put all my efforts at this moment into getting this company organized and ready rolling. Then I'll be able to step away a little bit and go back to directing.

Cof: Do you still plan to do the Robert E. Lee movie?

R.C.: Probably. That's an interesting question. I've been playing with that for four years. It originally was for United Artists, and they backed away because they couldn't believe that I could

Barbara Steele drives Vincent Price crazy in *THE PIT*



THE HOUSE OF USHER
Price tries to tell his guest that



AND THE PENDULUM, another German masterpiece.



Myrna Loy isn't a movie star, only a House Painter.

do it at the price I quoted. I worked out a deal in Virginia with a military academy: I was going to make a contribution to their endowment fund (there are a thousand students in the academy) and they were going to take as their whole senior project the invasion of Lee's battle. So I was going to put a thousand men on the field. When I told that to the U.S. men in New York, they said, "There's no chance our academy will do it. We don't believe such a crazy thing." And they backed away from the doing. Then, I got letters from the military academy's commandant saying, "I'll fly to New York, I'll do anything. We need the money for the endowment fund." But we couldn't put it back together. They would not believe. That is one of the problems with the majors. They're very tough to gamble on things like that, and want more assurances in advance.

CoF I read somewhere that Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda claim that they shot most of the top sequences in *THE TRIP*. I wonder what your response is to that.

R.C. It's true that they did some shooting. If that were true, I would then be able to say that Dennis Hopper joins Francis Coppola, Peter Bogdanovich and various other director who did their first picture for me, but it's only partially true. They shot about two or three minutes of film, and there was a reason for it. I am signed with the I.A.T.S.E., which is the basic union. *THE TRIP* was shot in three weeks and there were certain elements of the fantasy sequences which had to be picked up on a distant location—on a desert location—and I could not, within my budget, take a full union crew to the desert, and I was beginning to be a little worried as to what to do about those sequences. And Peter came to me and said, off the record, that he and Dennis, if I would give them just a little bit of money, would drift down to the desert themselves and bring back those sequences. I said, "Fine, Take the money and bring me the footage." Which they did, and what they shot was very good and was integrated into the film. But it was limited only to a few shots in the desert.

CoF How did Peter Bogdanovich approach you for *TARGETS*, which starred Boris Karloff?

R.C. Well, that's quite a big story. Peter had been my assistant, and he had worked together with his wife, Polly, as my assistant on *THE WILD ANGELS*, and then followed the Francis Ford Coppola route, which was to start re-shooting Russian pictures. At one time, AIP was a big importer of Russian science fiction films, because they do magnificent special effects, but the films are very loose in story line, Francis' first job with me was to re-cut some Russian films and to shoot some added scenes. So, after *THE WILD ANGELS*, Peter did some additional shooting on a couple of Russian science fiction films. Then, I had a commitment with Boris Karloff, which was a very involved thing I wasn't going into, but it meant that I really should shoot one more picture with Boris. It wasn't firm in the contract, but the easiest way out of a big settlement for all of us was to make a picture. Peter said he would make the film, and so I said, "All right. Come up with a script." We jointly developed the script and worked it out and then he shot *TARGETS* on that basis and we sold it to Paramount. From that he had a couple of abortive attempts. He got a job to do a Western with Leone in Rome. He got into an argument with Leone before the picture—Peter was very outspoken. Leone had only directed *A FISTFUL OF DOL-*

LARS, FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE and had developed a certain technique, and he brought Peter over because Peter was very much a film student, and he liked *TARGETS* and felt that Peter would be able to shoot in his [Leone's] style. As they got to discussing it, Peter told him he thought Leone's style was no good, and that under no circumstances would he shoot in that style. And Leone said, "I just finished *FISTFUL OF DOLLARS* and *FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE*. We made twenty million dollars here, and you're only here to shoot the way I tell you to shoot so we can't get along." And Peter says, "I'm not going to shoot that way." So he came back and he knocked around a little bit, prepared a couple of scripts. He and I were going to do one picture which really never came together. This is very interesting because *THE LAST PICTURE SHOW* had been a novel I had been very much interested in when I did *ROTHKOSEN AND BROWN* for UA. I suggested three projects to them: *THE LAST PICTURE SHOW*, *THE HORSEMEN*, and *VON RICHTHOFFEN AND BROWN*. They chose *VON RICHTHOFFEN*. Frankenstein then did *THE HORSEMEN* and faded with it. Bogdanovich then did *THE LAST PICTURE SHOW* and had a big success with it, and his career has gone from there. His wife may shortly make her debut as a director, possibly working with my wife on a forthcoming picture.

CoF Bruce Dern (who became a star when he appeared in *SILENT RUNNING*) and in an interview he had wanted the Fonda part in *THE TRIP*. He also said that Jack Nicholson, who was the writer, wanted that part. How did you resolve that?

R.C. Everybody wanted that part, but it was clear from the start that Fonda was going to get it on the basis that we'd had a big success with Peter in *THE WILD ANGELS*. We were simply going back to repeat that and Peter owned a piece of the picture. So he was a co-owner with me in front. The problem then came to the secondary part. There were two subsidiary roles and one I gave to Dennis Hopper. So then it came down to the third role and it was between Jack Nicholson and Bruce Dern. Jack hadn't done that much at that time, although I'd known him longer than I'd known Bruce, and I simply chose Bruce because I had liked his work in *WILD ANGELS*. Then, when *EASY RIDER* started, I was supposed to have produced that for AIP with Peter Fonda and Dennis was to direct. Sam Arkoff, in an historic decision, lured Dennis Hopper and got into a big argument. Since the idea for *EASY RIDER* was Peter's, Peter walked with the idea. Nicholson, who was then working with BBS at Columbia, called Peter and said, "If the deal is blown up at AIP, bring it over here. I think I can get you financing from Columbia." Columbia financed it, and the thing grossed twenty or thirty million dollars. I occasionally have mentioned to Arkoff that if he had been just a little bit cooler in that meeting, things would have gone better. But Nicholson, after *EASY RIDER*, was interviewed in the *New York Times* (he was a big star) and he was still complaining. He was saying, "Roger always gives Bruce Dern parts I should get." [Laughs.]

CoF Bruce Dern said later that he had wanted the Don Stroud or Pat Hingle roles in *SLUGG'D MAMA*, and he said that he was "really pleased."

R.C. Well, this is standard for this movie. These guys were and are all friends of mine and they are good actors. These are some of

the right role makes a huge difference. Jack Nicholson had worked with me in probably fifteen films, and was getting a bit of a rep — but it took the right role in *EASY RIDER* to make him a star. Peter Fonda had knocked around playing things like *TAMMY AND THE DOCTOR*, which he referred to as "Tannya and the Schmack." He played the schmuck and his range was the Fry League young man with the short haircut, the button-down collar, and the striped tie. He got the part in *THE WILD ANGELS*. He was to play the secondary role. George Chakiris, who was chosen by AIP, was to play the lead in *WILD ANGELS*. I then chose Peter Fonda to play the second lead, and Bruce Dern to play third lead. One of the things I said: "Everybody has to learn to ride a motorcycle because I want this picture to be really authentic." Chakiris got on the motorcycle, took a fifteen minute lesson, called his agent, and said, "I want out of that picture. You never gonna get on one of those things again." So I just moved Peter Fonda up to the Chakiris role and Bruce Dern up to the Fonda role, and it changed Fonda's entire career and made him a star from there.

So, it's important to these guys to get that one role which can boost them and, therefore, you have good actors like Bruce Dern today — almost a star, who is where, say, Jack Nicholson and Dennis Hopper were a few years ago. Right on the edge when the right role can pick them up. And when you mention Don Stroud — well, there's another very fine young actor who is roughly in the same spot. I think Stroud with the right role — as a matter of fact, my choice for *VON RICHTOFEN* was Don Stroud for von Richthofen and Bruce Dern for Brown. It was turned down because UA



Vincent Price hunting things up with tweezers, in *COMEDY OF TERRORS*



Leon Graef pinning off a nail freak and talented in *TALES OF TERROR*.

and they did not have money. I said, "I can show you the grosses on these other pictures that are doing very well and these guys are right on the edge. Either one of them could become a star with the right part." But UA would not take them and that is one of the problems. They can't get with the majors, except occasionally, that key role that will push them up.

CoF: Which directors influenced you most? I'm sure that Fellini and Bergman did after *THE TRIP*.

R.C.: Yes, very much so. Bergman, Fellini, Eisenstein, I think, is the great, brilliant director that everybody still follows. You look at an Eisenstein film from the early 20's and you see the most modern seventeen-year-old director working out of someone in Greenwich Village is using such Eisenstein techniques. [Confidentially, and written months before this recent interview, the picture article and analysis of Corman's *NOT OF THIS EARTH* shows the obvious influence that the great Sergei Eisenstein may have had on Corman's film. —CTB.]

CoF: Is there any particular reason why so many of your films have been in the SF/horror and crime genres?

R.C.: Partially because I like those genres, and partially because they are very commercial areas. When you are working, as I have done, in very low budget films — costing anywhere from \$50,000 to maybe \$300-, \$400,000 and occasionally a slightly bigger one — you pretty much have to have a commercial orientation toward your subject-matter in front. Then, what at least I try to do is try to add something to that — to make it a little bit more than the normal film in its field, but to stay within that commercial field. I've seen too many people fail on a low budget film when

they make something very close to them, but it doesn't fit within the normal commercial patterns. As a matter of fact, the first picture I ever made that failed was just that. I did a picture called THE INTRUDER, with William Shatner, which I shot with my own money in the South in the late 1950s. And I'd made, I think, twenty-seven consecutive successful pictures up to that time. The picture was just a total failure. It got sensational reviews, went to film festivals, and didn't do any business at all, and I think it was because it was out of the normal channel.

CoF Who distributed INTRUDER?

R.C. It bounced around. It was with Pathé when Pathé briefly had a company. Then it went with Cinema Distributors of America. It's a sore subject about distribution.

CoF Do you have good relations with the L.A.?

R.C. Yes, I worked from the beginning in the U.S. exclusively with the L.A. On pictures I have directed, I believe every picture but one shot in the U.S. has been L.A., except one which went NAVET. Most of the pictures I finance are non-L.A. simply on the basis that you can't make them with the L.A. at those budgets. But when I work myself, I always work with the L.A.

CoF When you say L.A., do you mean NAVET or mixed crews?

R.C. They can be NAVET or mixed either one. More likely mixed crews. As a matter of fact, the L.A. seems to accept it. The L.A., when I started, I have a feeling, was stronger than they are now. Recently, they seem to have let the little pictures alone on the basis that they know that \$50-, \$60,000 pictures can't really be made with an L.A. crew. They are mostly made by young guys who, as they get a little better, end up joining the L.A. anyway and they almost, I think, look at it as a kind of a farm system of the major leagues. They have total control over all the majors and that is what they are interested in because that's where the money is. A number of cameramen have started with us non-union and have joined the L.A. I've signed letters recommending them to the L.A. to get them in. Les Kosso, who did EASY RIDER, and a couple of others are now L.A. and started working non-union.

CoF Do you think Jeff Bridges' was robbed of an Academy Award for MCCABE AND MRS. MILLER?

R.C. I don't know. I did not see the picture and I'm not familiar with it.

CoF Do you think he was robbed on DELIVERANCE?

R.C. Yes! DELIVERANCE I did see and it was magnificently photographed.

CoF I've noticed in your *Showbiz* film that you have a fascination for the powers of sight X-THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES, Paul Borch in NOT OF THIS EARTH, and Vincent Price in THE TOMB OF LIGH-T — they're all afflicted with visual disorders.

R.C. Yes, Vincent was always very sensitive to light in his pictures. [Laughter.]

CoF Is sight in some way symbolic to you?

R.C. I think it might be. I think anybody who works in a creative medium in any way is working partially out of his conscious mind and is working partially out of his unconscious. And he's coming up with ideas that he cannot totally explain. When you see a pattern emerge, as evidently it did — there was a hook, actu-



Rare shots of HOUSE OF USHER'S ancestors—(top) Lum & Abner, Gresham, Crichton and (below) Captain Alabambridge Brackishness Under V.H.



ally, written about some of my films in England in which they mention that and documented it more than I remembered, and they reeled off about eight or nine films in which problems with sight were crucial points to one of the lead characters. I hadn't really thought of it myself, I believe, probably somewhere in my unconscious, in some concern with sight. I do know this: For the last year or two I've had problems reading menus in restaurants and I essentially say, "These damn restaurateurs should hire more light." But I also know that it's about time to get glasses, so some when there's something wrong. [Laughter.]

CoF Do you do any kind of market research in terms of your commercial films?

R.C. Yes, we do. The market research is the obvious research of checking to see what seems to be going at any given time but then we run surveys at high schools on subject matter and on titles because market research based on successful pictures can only put you in the position of copying a success. Where the fun, the attempt to make a picture that is both commercial and artistically satisfying, comes from is to be the first in the field. Market research based on previous films isn't going to help you that much.

CoF If a certain percentage of kids say they wanted a film's monster with two heads, would you get a writer . . . ?

R.C. We would consider it seriously. [Laughter.] We follow our market research, but not totally. I've been known to look at a survey and say, "I don't care if the survey says that, I'm not going to do it." But, in general, we pay a great deal of attention to the research.

CoF Do you do this research across the country or primarily in California?

R.C. Presently in California. At one time we were doing it at a couple of cities where I had friends conducting research for us. Recently we've put a little less emphasis on it. Now we're doing it primarily in California.

CoF. Are you trying to open films more in-door theaters than in drive-ins?

R.C. Yes. We started films at New World, that is films that cost roughly \$100,000. We're starting to move our way out into more expensive films and we are getting the in-door play.

CoF. Your *Edgar Allan Poe* films were well received in France. Do you think the French have a better critical nose than Americans?

R.C. Yes! [Laughs.]

CoF. Why do you think that is true?

R.C. For one thing, I think the French were not as committed to the concept of the major film. In the U.S. there has always been a feeling that fine films come either from Europe or from the major studios, the great directors—the Ford's, the Hitchcocks, the Hawks have given fine films. But because of the setup of the industry in the U.S., most American films were raw-of-the-mill. They were specifically designed to be "B" pictures. The American critics and, I think, the public generally ignored the lower budget American films with an editorial exception. Whereas in Europe, where films were not that machine-made as they were in the big days of Hollywood, there was more knowledge that an independent director might come up with something good. So, therefore, they looked at low budget films with a different eye—I do believe, a more discerning eye. I think today's American critics are probably as perceptive as the Europeans, but when I first started—say, ten, fifteen years ago—I definitely believe there was more insightful work done by European critics, particularly the French and to a secondary extent the English.

CoF. Do you think the look of your Poe films had a lot to do with the Daniel Heller art direction? They looked a lot more expensive than they really were.

R.C. Yes. Danny Heller was a very good art director who again came in to his first film as a director for me, and is now a successful television director who works occasionally in features. Danny and I used to work very closely together on the sets, on the costumes, on the props to try to make a unity of it. In picking camera angles, I used lenses that are not quite as fashionable today. I was going for very wide angle lenses, which I like very much, because the Poe films were all shot on those week schedules for not very much money and they looked big. One of the ways was to use an 18 or 25mm lens and just open it up. I like to work with that. For one thing, you get greater depth of field and they are faster lenses. So there are a lot of things to be said for the wide angle lenses.

CoF. What is your advice to someone who would like to be a film director, and the best way to get into it? Like Bogdanovich or Copolla?

R.C. Well, they started as my assistants. We worked with a lot of guys who started as assistants and moved up. I would say, follow that, not necessarily with me, but to get within the industry. The first thing is to get working. I came out of Stanford with various degrees and started as a messenger. It was much tougher then. The thing to do is to get working some way in motion pictures, and it doesn't make



A broad and critically acclaimed collaboration for Corman's distribution company, New World Pictures, *LAST DAYS OF MAN ON EARTH*, directed by Robert ("Robert") Fosel, starring Jon Finch, Sterling Hayden, Patrick Meighan and Hugh Griffith.

any difference whether you're starting as a grip, as a messenger, as an assistant editor, or whatever. It's to get working so that people will recognize what you can do. For instance, Julie can tell you she started on some of her pictures which have had three week schedules. Somebody will start as a gopher, a guy who is getting about no money, running errands. By the second or third day—because, frankly, there is so much incompetence in any given field—if some guy is at the lowest level, someone shows that he can really do it, and is willing to work harder than the others and is truly interested in film—Julie, do you want to mention somebody who got promoted that way?

JULIE CORMAN: On the first picture I did, there was a girl who came in as a production secretary for a couple of days. By the end of the week (this was in pre-production), she was assistant production manager and on the picture I just finished, she was production manager. There is this thing, having worked in pictures with union and non-union. Particularly in the non-union areas there is a great deal of respect and competitiveness among everybody on the crews because they don't know where some great talent is coming from. I think when you get into the union, it's more stratified and you know that a grip is probably always going to be a grip, and a cameraman is oriented to that, etc.

CoF. What size crew do you generally use?

R.C. Why don't you answer that, Julie?

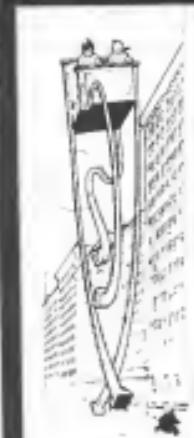
J.C. Fifteen. If it's over that there's too many. There's somebody extra. It's another bunch, it's another transportation. But under that, it's really just nine . . .

CoF. Mr. Jonathan Kaplan interviewing when he sold on his first picture with you did he tell allowed only to print one role, so he didn't have the career off?

J.C. [Laughs.] Certainly not! That isn't true. In fact, we used a lot of film. We used about 80,000 feet of film and he generally printed two or three takes. But Jonathan, you know, is given a little bit to exaggeration.

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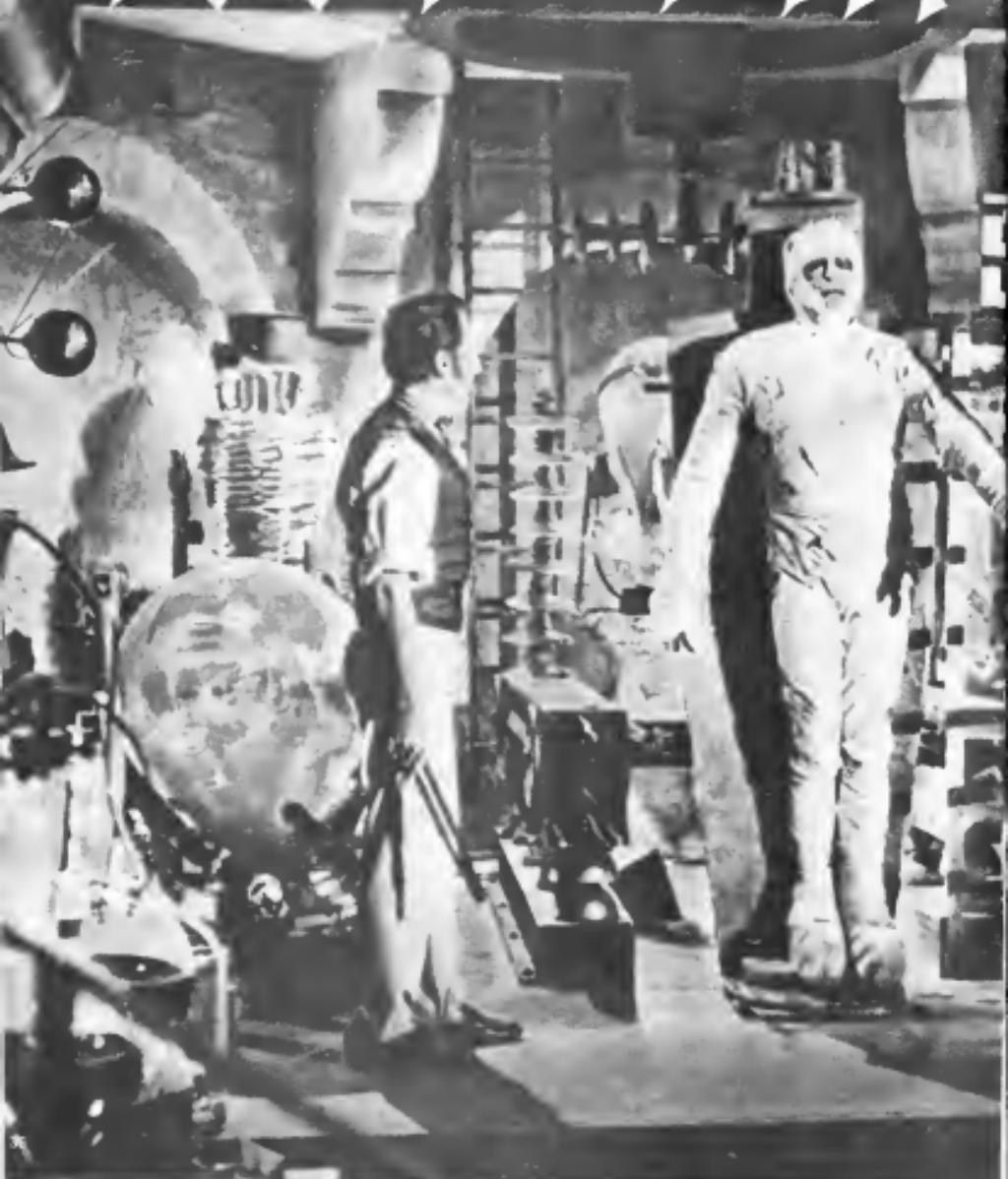
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THE EVIL OF FRAG



FRANKENSTEIN



THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN

Eastman Colour 'X'

Hammer/Universal—86 min.—released June '64.

With: Peter Cushing, Kiwi Kingston (the Monster), Duncan Lamont, Peter Woodthorpe, Sandor Eles, Katy Wild, David Hutcheson.

Produced by Anthony Hinds.

Directed by Freddie Francis.

Screenplay by John Elder.

Special effects by Les Bowie..

In Eastman Color.

Story In Brief:

Baron Frankenstein (Peter Cushing) is back in the creation-of-life-business. As the story unfolds, there is mourning in the house of a dead man, who isn't left to rest alone for even a few minutes before a body-snatcher, working for the Baron, steals the corpse. The Baron pays the snatcher, then proceeds to cut out the heart. A priest, suspecting the Baron of "blasphemous" experiments, causes a commotion, wrecks some of the scientific apparatus, infuriating Frankenstein so much that he is nearly killed.

Hans, the Baron's assistant, thinks that now they've been more or less "discovered," they should leave before things get hot. The Baron now feels that perhaps it's time they returned to his old home town Kandistad anyway, for it's many years since the moment he was forced to leave unceremoniously (in *The Curse of Frankenstein*, 1957), and "Pestants" have short memories anyway, Hans."

In their apprehensions return, the Baron and Hans discover that the Chateau Frankenstein has been looted and left in a total state of shambulence. The Baron then tells Hans how he, as a younger man, began experimenting with the creation of life and the way it led to the making of the monster. As the Baron tells the story, we are taken back then a short series of flashback into the several events which the Baron describes, although they are in no way trouble to or even partially extracted from any of the preceding Hammer films. During the flashback story, the Baron has at his fingertips all of the finest pieces of electrical equipment available — in fact, far, far more elaborate than any of the quarter, old-fashioned but more original bits of apparatus evident in the earlier Hammer films . . . there are enough walls with switches fraught with short-circuits, sparks flying and charges of ultra-high voltage to satisfy even the maddest about-watts.

As the Baron nears the conclusion of his story-in-flashback, there is the unavoidable tendency of sensing that the film resembles more of the earlier days of Universal, which were long on action and gadgets but short on depth, than the kind of material on which Hammer founded itself and built a reputation, which used to be not to sacrifice depth, good acting and need for the sake of gadgetry and that-did-blundering.

Finally, the flashback (and most interesting portion of *Ed*) comes to an end as the typically angry villagers, led by the usual bengemaster and usual inspector (which we thought went out 20



By using the advanced and secret Frankenstein-secret method (basically, sticking 5 fingers into a brain), Dr. Cushing feels its vibrations (.) and transplants it (.) into the body think tank.

Hans are forced to flee. They hide in the tent of the Great Zoltan, a traveling sideshow hypnotist and charlatan, but are soon traced there by the gendarmes, from whom they flee again — this time the Baron and Hans run to the adjacent mountains to hide. While there, a deaf-mute beggar girl they've befriended shows them the cave where she lives and offers them shelter. Later that night, the Baron awakens in the cave's depths, hearing a sound, then, gets up, walks and sees the girl apparently writhing at something she has seen. The Baron is astonished at what he sees: it is his own monster, apparently preserved all these years amid the rocks in a huge block of glacial ice (surrounded by Saran Wrap). Building a huge fire, they melt the monster out of the ice. But once the Baron and Hans bring the creature back to the



"Now that I've created you, I want you to sing in gratitude. 'I have no strings to hold me up,' etc., etc., Dr. Cushing seems to say. At least, that's what he'd say if Johnny Carson told it to Ed McMahon. Below: Katy (Wild) admires the latest gothic technique in mental therapy.



years ago), runs the monster down to apparent death as it falls into a gorge high up in the mountains.

Fascinated by the story, Hans goes with the Baron to the village (which has a carnival going on) for some obscure reason — perhaps to see who's still around after all these years, or maybe because they're hungry from the long trip and would like to go into an inn for tankards of bockbier and a course of sour cream, los and bagels. In the inn, the Baron suddenly becomes unmanageable and infuriated as he recognizes the Bürgermeister (and his fantastically shapely wife) and sees him wearing a fine-toothed Frankenstein ring, apparently part of the valuable property looted years ago from the Baron's chateau. Now discovered because of his outburst, he and

chateau, he cannot make it respond even though he brings it back to life. This is where the Baron gets the idea of having Zoltan, the sideshow hypnotist, use his powers to bring the monster out of his coma. However, once Zoltan is brought to the chateau, he drives a hard bargain and forces Baron Frankenstein to agree to a partnership if the monster is to be brought to consciousness.

From the time Zoltan is brought into the picture, the Baron's luck starts to run out. For, unfortunately Zoltan is greedy and viciously spiteful; he gives the monster hypnotic commands to go into the village on various nights on different errands, such as stealing gold from the church, and "punishing" the Bürgermeister and the Chief of Police gashed in Tyrolian clothing usesches on

(Zolten has a grudge against them too since they ordered him out of town and spoiled his business). The "punishment," however, result in a crushing death for the burgomaster (another score proving that the monster could make a fortune from wrestling) and a similar death for an innocent policeman. Frankenstein is livid with rage upon discovering to what world use Zolten has put his creation, the monster. Nearly killing Zolten in anger, he throws him out of the chateau. Zolten sneaks back, however, and orders the monster to kill the Baron out of revenge for being tossed out. During the ensuing scuffle, the Baron warns the drunken gloating Zolten to beware lest the monster destroy him, the master, confused by conflicting orders of whom to destroy, En-



As the Monster gets mauled by Katy Wild, he's also getting the latest village gossip—like the special torch-light parade the villagers are about to celebrate.



Encaptured by a sudden eagerness to visit Katy, he wonders why Dr. Cushing hasn't any kind words to offer. Below: Peter doesn't think the Monster's wine is celebrating by sparkling acid.

ally succumbs to Baron Frankenstein's command and angers Zolten with an iron spear (similar in manner to Cushing's implements of the *Mummy* in '39).

Meanwhile, the Chief of Police awakes to the fact that Frankenstein and his monster are back in business once more at the old stand, and intends doing something about it. However, the beggar girl and Hana lead the monster into hiding back in the mountains while Frankenstein is arrested and placed in jail, from which he escapes anyway by subduing a guard. The girl, Hana, and the monster return together to the chateau almost like Snow White and 3 of the 7 Dwarfs, unaware that a peasant posse has been organized to stamp out Frankenstein's monster activities. While the posse of typically angry villagers

to the chateau, Frankenstein is racing through the countryside on a cart in an attempt to save his monster and his whole career. Too late, the monster is unmanageable, having broken into a cache of beans — then it drinks up a bottle of chloroform and starts stamping around the laboratory in agony, upsetting delicate apparatus, causing damage — in short, making a mess of things. With the villagers close at hand, the Baron attempts to save the monster in vain, as his lab' and, finally, the entire chateau is enveloped in flames, and then explodes in a manner typical of so many others of the genre. The ending, of course, leaves room to speculate that the Baron and the monster may yet appear in a sequel, though we hope not if it's planned as ineptly as this disappointing rebirth.



MONSTER MAKEUP MASTER OF HAMMER FILMS ROY ASHTON





Opposite page: Oliver Reed in an Ashton creation, in *CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF*. Below: Ashton working on a plaster cast of Karel Khouri for *THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Above: afterwards and before—use of Ashton's sketches for *EVIL*. Right: was rejected because it was too similar to the Karloff original. Below: the final product.

It may be my imagination, but, from a distance, Bray Studios look ominously like a small vampire castle rising out of the peaceful English countryside. Upon closer view, it consists of a number of large sheds (eating rooms, film storage, workshops, etc.) dominated by a large country house. It is in the heart of this manor that the makeup department lies. At first glance, it is alarmingly like a death's head's office with its chairs and equipment. Roy Ashton, middle-aged and graying, is at once a reassuring presence. His conversation sparkles with good natured humor; it is only when he reminisces upon some difficult aspect of his art that he becomes serious. Seated in his death's chair and equipped with a no-excitement tape recorder, I interviewed him for *Castle of Frankenstein*.

CofP: First of all, Mr. Ashton, is your work as a makeup artist confined to horror films?

ASHTON: No, not just horror films. It so happens that I have been associated with Hammer Films over the last 25 or 30 productions. I work on others as well, but I like the horror there's more challenge.

CofP: Do you intend to specialize in horror films?

ASHTON: Well no, it's been my fortune that I come into contact with Hammer when this became popular, so I developed my own ways of going about them. Recently, I did a film that was not for Hammer, but it was also a horror film—*Buster's House*

of Horrors with Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing. The plot concerns four or five people on a train journey. One of them is an unusual man called Dr. Teller who produces a pack of cards and tells the fortunes of each of these passengers. There are five smaller stories within the larger story. I thought it was an excellent picture.

CofP: Boris Karloff once said, "Without my makeup man, I am nothing." Do you think this applies to many horror stars?

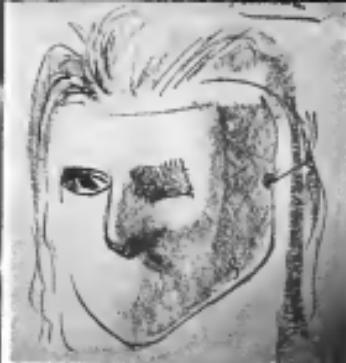
ASHTON: Well, I think it is a very modest statement. He is a character man, and it is very kind of him to give as much credit to the makeup artist. He is a wonderful artist himself, or as some, but I certainly think that a makeup artist can assist greatly in the appearance. Really, it depends on a combination of both.

CofP: What do you think of the work of Jack Pierce, to whom Karloff was referring?

ASHTON: Well, it so happens that Boris Karloff came to England shortly after he made the original film, and he told me about Mr. Pierce. Although I never met him, I have a very great admiration indeed for his work. Wonderful. I think the concept of the *Frankenstein* monster as imagined by Pierce and Karloff was just right. They made the character a very sympathetic one.

CofP: I think that the Karloff creature had a completely inhuman appearance which magnified the creature's human soul. The earlier Hammer Frankenstein Monsters seemed less monstrous in appearance than disguised men. In *East of Frank-*





Ashton's makeup sketches and in their final filmic form for THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA and CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF.

exactly you have reverted to the original concept. Was this intentional?

ASHTON: Yes, I think so. The idea being to capture the sympathy rather more—this assembly of heads and fingers and toes and . . . a semi-up creature with the brain thrown in. The producer really wanted it to look as if it had been made up of separate from the grown-ups. Oh yes, I think the essence of the little girl and her relationship with the monster certainly worked sympathy.

CofF: A lot of your films have been remakes. Does this make it harder to create an original makeup?

ASHTON: No, I don't think so. You use your own initiative on the matter. You're not bound too strictly by established makeup. I draw up my own, and as long as I carry out the intention of the producer, all is well.

CofF: One of your films, *The Phantom of the Opera*, was a remake of a Lon Chaney classic. What do you think of Chaney as a master of makeup?

ASHTON: Wonderful! Wonderful! I used to adulate him very much. I remember particularly the original *Phantom* which I saw when I was young. There were a couple of young men sitting on the edges of their seats next to me and when the girl disdained his love, it was such a violent shock that they fell straight off into the floor. Women were carried out screaming . . . oh, it was marvelous! Naturally, today we don't use the painful methods that he subjected himself to.

CofF: I recently heard a Special Effects man say that he could no longer enjoy a fantasy film because he knew how everything was done. Does this apply to makeup itself?

ASHTON: I don't think so . . . I don't think it applies to off-special effects areas either. If you go along looking for technical masters, the film is not going to give you a great deal of pleasure. I must admit that I've gone along to see some points of makeup that I'd heard about—in fact that I might know about—in some very good film, and I've come out and suddenly realized that I'd forgotten why I went in. Because I'd enjoyed the film so much . . . it was good entertainment. It took your mind entirely away from technical matters. I think that if they didn't fit too much there's something wrong with them. I don't think a person should look obviously made up . . . girls shouldn't look too overdone.

CofF: Do you like boozier films yourself?

ASHTON: Yes, I do.

CofF: Have you favorite?

ASHTON: I don't think I have. I like the lot. I saw a very good one recently, *X-The Man With The X-Ray Eyes*. They used a block contact lens . . . an idea which I supported for Bill of Frankenstein, but the producer didn't like it. The effect in *X-Ray Eyes* was terrifying!

CofF: Have you a formula for a successful horror makeup?

ASHTON: No, it varies from film to film. I plan my work by the script—and, of

course, the producer's wishes.

CofF: How much time are you given to prepare a project?

ASHTON: Usually I know where roughly in advance what is likely to take place. But before I can work on it I must be given a complete script. Then the actual time that I spend can vary from two or three days to a month.

CofF: Jack Palance's werewolf makeup for *Lon Chaney Jr.* took as long as six hours each day. Do you ever spend this amount of time?

ASHTON: Six hours! *Goodness*, no! The maximum time is probably about two and a half hours. In one case, the producer would never allow it.

CofF: Prudencio Hyman's makeup for *The Gorgon* with its writhing crowd of snakes seems very coccolesque . . . a terrible type of makeup. Was this year most difficult project?

ASHTON: No, I don't think so . . . I can remember a couple that gave me more headaches. One of the very early ones was a film version of the play *The Man At Hell Moon Street* . . . I think it was called *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*—that was very difficult. *Asteroid Collision*, I remember, used to come in the evening and he wouldn't move out for about two and a half hours . . . then he would emerge with goodness-only-knew-what-on-his-plastic-synthetic-and-all-the-rest-of-it. *Curse of the Werewolf* was a difficult one too—very difficult indeed! That took a long time because we had to cover right down to the wrist. That was very



Ashton creations for DRACULA, PRINCE OF DARKNESS...KISS OF THE VAMPIRE, and MR. TERROR'S HOUSE OF HORRORS.

complex.

Cof. You seem to strive for authenticity in your makeup. The vampire teeth in *Kiss of the Vampire*, for instance, were made by a dentist, I believe?

ASHTON: Yes, that's right, some of them were. I made some of them myself, but it takes a long time! You never weigh the consent of these you can give to one aspect of the job. When you have five or six different characters who require teeth, you sometimes have to submit them. I have a dentist friend who is very good and takes a great interest in seeing that things are anatomically correct. You have to be precise about the shapes of teeth and be able to distinguish between the various kinds and, say, where it comes in the jaw. You have to be anatomically correct. That applies to the whole body, of course.

Cof: What do you use for blood? Not ketchup?

ASHTON: Blood? Well, you can use quite a number of different substances. A "blood" is made up by Max Factor which is very good stuff indeed. It congeals and has a wonderful color. The colors vary slightly according to concern needs. If you are using blood and while you can use goodness-knows-what, coffee essence, for instance, is a very good drug.

Cof: What is your advice for would-be makeup artists?

ASHTON: You must be sure that that is what you want to be and not underestimate the requirements for the work. You must be able to draw and to model; you need

be deft with your fingers. And you must have a good pair of eyes and watch what goes on around you as you wander down the street. You must be able to observe people and run them up, guess what they do for a living . . . why some people have lines on the forehead. Some people are always smiling and have little wrinkles around the eyes, some are invariable and their mouths are down a little bit. You aren't generalize, but you very often have a pretty good idea of what people are carrying around in their neck.

When I was abroad I like strolling about with a camera, looking at people, photographing those with interesting faces or peculiarities when they aren't looking. I get many ideas for characters in this way. Above all, you have to have a good deal of general knowledge and be able to handle anything—wigmaking, for instance. When I started I couldn't sew, and I used to stay up for long hours practicing sewing the wigs. It's not always easy to find work after, but those with personalities always manage somehow.

Cof: Have there ever been any amusing incidents during your work?

ASHTON: I don't know about that—except when Christopher Lee wouldn't come in his vampire teeth showing the fikkers out of everybody. I have sometimes put contact lenses on my own eyes to give people a bit of a shock. For the most part, the artists, particularly Christopher Lee and Peter Cushing, are very disciplined actors. They come in on time, and after an anasthesia of pheonoxine perhaps, we sit down and

get on with the work. You cannot waste time, you cannot be late on the set.

Cof: Lastly, have you anything so far to the readers of *Castle of Frankenstein*?

ASHTON: I'd like to thank them for their interest in my work, and I feel very honored that Michael should send down here to interview me on their behalf. I suggest that all the subscribers should get together and buy him a motor-car, perhaps a Rolls-Royce, so that he can make the difficult journey down here more often.

The interview terminated, my host showed me around his domain. He showed me roomfuls of sketches for his makeup, detailing the step-by-step procedures. A collection of anatomical photographs of a wolf in a museum attest to Ashton's care for detail and accuracy. Among sketches for *Castles of the Forest*, *House of Fright*, *The Man Who Could Cheat Death* and *The End of Frankenstein* were some from *The Rape of Sobeza*, a proposed Hammer Film dealing with the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition. *Rape of Sobeza* has never been made for fear of offending the Catholic church.

In the adjoining room which serves as both makeup workshop and dressing room, I was shown plaster casts of actors' faces—used to build up Oriental features for *The Secret of Blood Island*. From a cupboard tumbled a writhing mass of arms and hands—like a quick cut from an early Barbad film. Diving into a drawer, Ashton withdrew two neatly labeled test tubes containing . . . Dracula's teeth, and the canines of a young lady werewolf.

used in Dr. Terror's House of Horrors. Skillfully made, the vampire teeth clip on over the actor's own. A handsome selection of ready-made vampire bites were also on display.

Upstairs in a stereocase are kept the gauze-on-relief reliefs of Ray Ashton's pants. Oliver Reed's mask from Curse of the Werewolf lay check by greasy jaw with a plaster cast of Christopher Lee. Out of large cardboard boxes spalled more treasures—the crumpling features of The Mummy from Curse of the Mummy's Tomb, masks from Parkinson and Kiss of the Vampire and, no mouth dashed with 'blood' by surreptitious publicity men, Elsa Kringlen's mask from End of Frankenstein. A pupped lost, appeared as Ray's face when he discovered that mistreatment of his work.

I next saw two of the monster's "hands" from End. One, heavily padded and reinforced with metal, was used by Kingston to smash a window. The other, like a wooden glove, was used in obtain a close-up of the creature when he unknowingly placed his hand in a steaming gas jet.

Some of Ashton's tricks, like the transformation of Oliver Reed's hand to a furry wolflike paw and the animation of the Gorgon's head of snakes, were made known to me. But, unfortunately, these are professional secrets and cannot be divulged in CoP.

Above (and opposite page): a preliminary Ashton design and . . . the final outcome: Prudence Hyman (doubling for Barbara Shelley) in THE GORGON. Below (and opp. page): Ashton's creations for THE MUMMY and PARANOIA.





As he showed me over the studio, Ashton told me some of his own ideas for future horror films. His favorite is a project concerning a tribe of savage headhunters who cut off the heads of their enemies which they shrink—and then gold as well! Blawett's man of many makeups has had some experience with shrinking heads, having once made one to avert his friends Producer Anthony Hinds should take note of some of Roy's ideas.

An enjoyable three and a half hours ended when I made my leave of Ashton, having first presented him with a copy of the *Hanssen Film* issue of our French counterpart, *MIDI-MINUIT FANTASTIQUE*, on behalf of its editor. (He was immensely pleased, as many of the stills from his films reproduced in the magazine have been lost or burned in a recent fire at the studio.)

The studio's four sound stages by quiet and deserted work on *Secret of Blood Island* was not to commence until the following week. It seems one of the Great Mysteries of Filmland how the dingy hanger-like stages of Bray Studios can be transformed, almost magically, into the sombre and atmospheric sets which abound in Hammer films. That it is possible is, in itself, a tribute to the artistry of the men behind the scenes.

—Michel Perry

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In the history of SFantasy-horror films, no other production has ever succeeded in recapturing the utter sense of terror and uneasiness conveyed by this expressivistic masterpiece. Camera work, lighting and the sets alone prove that this was indeed a most original and intense movie even on a screen. A soul-searing probe of mental depravity and intellectual perversity, it plumbs the darker regions of horror and goes far beyond. Starring Conrad Veidt.

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1923 — 5 full reels — \$85.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

A Collector's Item. The earliest Chaney classic available in 8mm. Under the capable direction of Lambert Hillyer (who went on in 1936 to direct the memorable THIS INVISIBLE MAN), Ray Harroun, Karloff and Lupton and DRACULA'S DAUGHTER!, it's an excellent vehicle for Chaney as he was reaching the mid-way peak of his careeristic fame.

THE CAT AND THE CANARY

1927 — 7 full reels — \$85.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

The original and definitive House of Horrors classic. Directed by Paul Leni, with Louise LaVante as the girl in distress. Fabulous sets, mood and genre "spooky" atmosphere, with Evans things, shadows creeping about at night or behind secret panels and down dark corridors than ever shown on the screen before or since then. An orgy of haunts and horrors.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

1920 — 7 full reels — \$85.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

John Barrymore took the line between great Shakespearean stage roles to star in this horror film classic which immediately established him as a film star immortal. Rated as the most chilling version of Stevenson's famous horror novel, Barrymore's transformation sequences scale the heights of the macabre. A truly frightening horror film.



NOSFERATU

1922 — 8 full reels — \$85.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Due to early copyright insertions, they could not title this as CRACULA, though it has been highly praised as perhaps the most horrendous and best made version of the famous Vampire story. MCM—director F.W. Murnau's original feature length version, exactly as it was made, narrated by International Film Festival as one of the Top Ten Horror Classics of all time!

THE LOST WORLD

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Practical inventors and dinosaurs galore in this famous lost City Doyle classic, made into an all-time super-film by Ray O'Brien, the creator of KING KONG and the author of Ray Harryhausen's How to Re-Invent the darling exploits of Prof. Challenger and his thralls, from the moment they meet and plan the world's most astounding expedition, as the cameras and action move from London across the ocean, to the depths of enchanted realms of the Amazon to... The Lost World.

DESTINY

1921 — 3 full reels — \$85.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Created and directed by Fritz Lang, the brilliant director of METROPOLIS, the MURKIN, the SPIDER, the SPIDER WOMAN other science series... A Lang film rarely seen, a true explanation or justification. He is simply one of the greatest masters of film making that ever lived, and he proves it in this enchanting three-part mystery feature (and an acknowledged classic) that not only inspired Hitchcock to become a director but shows his influence in the best works of Ingmar Bergman.

20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

1917 — 5 full reels — \$85.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Long considered a "lost" Steinley classic, it was recently found, newly rediscovered and shown at the N.Y. Film Festival a few years ago. Its expert use of special effects, camera work and quality remains as examples of the most imaginative use of film making. The earliest SFantasy feature film spectacular ever created and the first feature version of Jules Verne's titanic imagination.



METROPOLIS

1927 — 8 full reels — \$85.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Fritz Lang's classic, which took more than twenty years to complete, is generally acclaimed as one of The Greatest Films ever made. It has been approached only by THINGS TO COME and THINGS TO COME for sheer visual power and camerawork. There's never been another film like this Lang classic—perhaps there may never again be one like it. SEE, the mindlike workers in their Territorial Underground City... Rotwang, architect of all evil and his robots creating a robot-android in a sequence of scenes that are "the life of life" sequences! SEE, some of the most tremendous special and visual effects ever devised, An SFantasy Classic!



THE GOLDEN GODS

1926 — 7 full reels — \$85.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Now, from the Golden Age of German SFantasy-horror films, UFA's giddy marketplace of Expressionism is being offered for the first time. Created by and starring Paul Wegener, the Frankenstein-like Master known as the cabin lights off friends and foes alike. He is the creation of Rabbe Lohm whose knowledge of anatomy and surgery is unequalled for bringing the dead to life. Rated among the top SFantasy films of all time, this is the original and best of all versions ever made.

Boris Karloff in: THE BELLS

1928 — 7 full reels — \$85.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

A great filmic trip for an audience item, especially for Karloff-philes, celebrating film great Boris Karloff's masterpiece and Gothic son Son of Frankenstein. Karloff's career heavily influenced by CALIGARI. In this remake of all Karloff features available to collectors, Boris, King of Horror, anticipates his famous roles of the future, creating all sorts in the type of weird role that would establish his career. As the strange Minister, who is first found in an odd travelling circus, Karloff appears in a succession of dark and macabre scenes that rank among the screen's best.

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FRANKENSTEIN at large

FILM REVIEWS

Recent and early theatrical/TV films in column

THE PHANTOM OF HOLLYWOOD (90 min., with commercial).—CBS-TV, 1974. Color. Chanty St. and Claude Raines are averaged at best! Though we can predict almost everything about to happen, so what? They're tramping down old Hollywood (just like they tore down *Night Gallery's* unforgettable "They're Tearing Down Tim Riley's Bar"), and the heatless slobs deserve everything the Phantom gives 'em. As you observe wracking crews and billboards moving down generations of memories (props, sets and studio "towns" reduced to rubble), you're indeed on the Phantom's side—until you're a fool or something.

Even if predictable, such an unforgettably hokey ending, and loads of ugly commercials, is it one of the best 90 minutes on TV in a long time, deserving an honored niche with other notable TV excursions such as *DUEL*, *BRIAN'S SONG*, the original *NIGHT STALKER* and *Roddemeyer's* fantastic *THE QUESTOR TAPE*.

The major difference with this updated *Phantom* (also disguised, of course) is that he seems more socially aware—what they've done by tearing down a once-beautiful world is enough to provoke anger and vengeance in many who treasure film traditions. In this case, the demolition is doubly significant: *PHANTOM* was actually being shot around the MGM back-lots while they were really getting tons down last year... and it's all worthy also of an extra box of Kleenex. The other irony is that MGM made this for TV! A name floating around during production is that of old timer, who had been with MGM over 25 years (and whose dad and grandad also worked for the company) I was going mad in reality, swore to set off time-bombs, and was finally taken away by the man-in-white.

Deja vu abounds, all right, but familiarity succeeds to build up admiration with no contempt, thanks to excellent production values and photography. Scenes from early MGM films cross-cut in and out with new footage heightening motivation and excitement; each time the wracking bar or billboard shatters some st., no old MGM scene shot around the same spot is upstaged—it's dramatic, if not tragic.

Even while the owners of Worldwide Studios (pseudo) for the real MGM soon behind the times and unaware that propes disappearing around the lot have been killed by the Phantom, the executives (Peter Lawford, etc.) sit in a screening room idly watching a film clip of MGM's prop section of several years ago (e.g., shots of Judy's magic Oz puppets getting nuked) are spliced into footage of *WIZARD OF OZ'S* Munchkin sequence.

Jack Cassidy is just in two roles, no less in Otto, an old curmudgeon in charge of photo-

antheses, and especially as Carl Verner, the ditzified Phantom and Otto's kid brother. Jack/Carl explains that his disfigurement occurred while playing *El Aragon* when an explosion, in a battle sequence, went off in his face.

There's even a chandeleur scene when Cassidy cuts it down to kill his blabber-mouth brother who threatens to tell all. The derivativeness extends even to underground passageways, the Phantom's tent-pavilion "apartment," and the-abducted-bride who is the first to discover how ugly he looks. Phantom/Jack/Carl explains how terrifically handsome he once was, and pulls back a special curtain holding early "before" photos—they all created one of how Jack Cassidy looked before son Donald Cassidy developed to fame and fortune. Seriously—Jack's ideal for history, smirky parts he's played at in many past achievements, and goes on better at the Phantom, provided with some excellent lines, including Shakespearean-like soliloquies that add fun to chew up the scenery admiringly.

But—an even greater *Phantom* tale could be made... about a once-great and talented editor/publisher, gone completely bananas, who terrorizes magazine whelkdom for what they've done to him. And that's no joke!

—CTS —

THE FOLKS AT RED WOLF INN (90 min.—Screech II/Far West, 1973). Linda Gailte, Arthur Space, John Nelson, Mary Jackson. Dir.: Bill Townsend, Colo.

The Folks at Red Wolf Inn are an available old couple who have solved the riddle of inflationary wear prices by carrying up plump young lovers. The film maintains a pleasantly anti-establishment outlook: the papa-cannibal is a former officer in the Army Miss Corps, Butcher Doctor, and he has a chop-hacking grandpa who's a temflic cop. There are a few suspenseful moments, plus an ominous long shot of a caged, in the courtyard of a deserted dormitory, evidently attempting to empty windows the news of her impending victim at the tale reveal. Not to mention the look the girl gets when she says she's getting fat as a pig. But most of the film's ghostish gags (people marching on red bodylings, etc.) fall frustratingly flat. Beware... Be-e-e-wie-ee!

—Paul Rosen —

MAN ON A SWING (107 min.—Par., 1974). Cliff Robertson, Joel Grey, Dorothy Trahan, Dir.: Frank Perry, Color.

Imagine in the HEAT OF THE NIGHT re-made with a gaydar detective in place of a black one, and you'll have a good idea of what this opus is like. Frank Perry's direction is conservatively competent. The opening titles unfurl over an impressive tracking device—the camera is mounted on the hood of a squad car racing across a flat landscape to finally confront an impenetrable wall of martial tightness surrounded

by the body of a girl who'd been snatched. The testimony of on-the-scene onlookers is illustrated with brash, acutely straightforward flashbacks. A realistic tone is engendered by Robertson's sturdy portrayal of a police chief more than a little uncomfortable about seeking the aid of a clairvoyant. The realistic texture is tinged with flourishes suggesting bigger game's effect. For example, the bleakness of modern life is evocatively characterized: the shopping center, at whose parking lot the victim's remains are found, is one of those vast, rambling temples which dominate the concrete wasteland like monuments to Middle American values; the girls' fisted in stage prior to a busy freeway, the speeding cars contrasting with the static assembly of mourners. Still photographs of the corpse convey an hypnotic eroticism which distrusts all who person them, including the audience. We suspect, however, that director Perry indulges in coylying for his own sake. We hear a gloating squeak on the soundtrack as we watch a woman scream. Fat ladies are used as visual epithets. To make matters worse, costar Elizabeth Wilson is called upon to provide her standard impersonation of a frosty, authoritarian female. As the psychic, Joel Grey ably expresses the agitation of a man suddenly bombarded with fragments of other people's lives; however reprehensible may be the character's indifference to the tragic events he supernaturally experiences, this is probably his sole defense against spiritual desolation. Dorothy Trahan is caught in the thankless role of Robertson's housewife, her recurrent use of dialogue is "Be careful, dear." In her one encounter with Grey, though, she successfully projects a prejudiced woman's malevolent attention to something beyond her ken. The plot is based on an actual case, hence the inconclusive conclusion.

—Paul Rosen —

CODE NAME TRIXXIE [formerly *THE CRAZIES*]—(103 min.—Cinelist, 1973). Dir.: George Romero.

Director Romero displays a knock for foreshadowing paranoid hypothermia. In his *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* a hoard of mutated corpses stalk, murder and decimate all of us normal mortals. Now, in *TRIXIE*, he has eschewed the supernatural in favor of the gaudily probable. A bacteriological weapon finds its way into the water supply of a small rural community, thereby infecting the townspeople with a virus that reduces them to a mob of raving疯es. The Pentagon is somewhere at the top of this debacle; the Army is called in to help the lid on it. They take typically brutal action, but this film is not simply an arbitrary document. A fair share of the soldiers are decent people, while many of the supposedly sane townfolk are obdurate, interlocking meatheads. In any case, liberal and conservative viewers alike will concur that a crisis of such magnitude warrants extreme measures; the epidemic must, above all, be contained.

Yet *TRIXIE* is too incoherent to succeed as a suspense shocker, in fact, it becomes difficult to determine who's supposed to be



Stewart Moss isn't really Batman, but a bat person in THE BAT PEOPLE, and not a very bat guy.

erity and who isn't. Unlike the ghosts of *LIVING DEAD*, not all of these marines are homicidal. Neither does the film carry significant political impact (despite undeniable relevance—witness the number of asbestos recently discovered in the drinking water of Duluth, Minn., and even more recently the exposé on the cancer-producing elements discovered in the New Orleans water system and in many other areas of the country).

The film's only message is that weapons are bad, particularly the biochemical variety. In fact, the only real villains here are bureaucracy and human fallibility; these are exemplified in the disastrous failings of the sole physician to find an antidote to the plague. When told that he must take his discoveries through channels, the doctor justifiably flies off the handle, whereupon he is promptly executed for a heretic, placed among the exhumed, and killed during a riot of the affected. The hope of a cure dies with him.

TRIXIE isn't totally flawed, however, when a contingent of gas-masked paramedics in protective uniforms begin rounding up the infected, we are treated to the invariably off-putting spectacle of a citizenry at war with its own Armed Services. One scene especially beggars an empathy: an elderly woman sits quietly sewing in a rocking chair. A soldier bursts into the room. The old lady mops calmly and stabs her seven times with her knitting needles. Then she sits back in her rocker while her victim lies thrashing in a tangled heap.

—Roen

THE BAT PEOPLE [pre-release title: *IT LIVES BY NIGHT*]—(94 min.—AIP, \$9740). Stewart Moss, Marianne McAndrew, Michael Pataki, Paul Cox, Dan Jerry Jameson. Color. A clever shift from the dark halls of Transylvanian to the glistening slopes of a ski resort creates the overridingly plot of this flick, which offers the odd standby of a scientist going

bitten by the bat (you can guess what happens afterwards). Some dumb cops, some spectacular car chases, and some of the old sex appeal manage to lift this from the hole that many horror flicks have fallen into.

The makeup and special effects are well done, though some bloop footage of bats fluttering in a cage could have been excised since the whole film is in color. To really appreciate what *BAT PEOPLE* has to offer, you must realize that a low budget induces most producers to sacrifice quality. But *BAT* does generate mood vibes and shows inspiration in its good little film. Photographed in bloody hand DeLuna Color, it's well worth the price of admission. —Lough Marion—*Pete Quattro*

Dr. Moss and wife Ms. Andrew wander away during a guided cavern tour; she falls into a chasm, while he gets a bat bite trying to rescue her, and the following days he grows more ill. While taking rabbit shots and convalescing in a hospital, Dr. Moss undergoes a horrendous metamorphosis, his hand turns into a claw and he kills the night nurse. Sgt. Pataki has no proof but suspects Moss (after finding his ID bracelet at the scene of the crime) who later flees the hospital in a wild car chase. Pataki is wounded in fighting Moss (now half-bat). With Ms. Andrew, unconscious of being bitten by her husband, starts the same change. Pataki is killed by a pack of strange bats. Moss and Ms. Andrew are re-united in the bat kingdom (not half bat).

—Cap Spaulding—

BLAZING SADDLES (93 min.—WB, 1974). Stan Pekerman, Harvey Korman, Cheyenne Little, Alex Cisneros, Gene Wilder, Mel Brooks. Dir.: Mel Brooks. Color.

Born Karloff's Executioner role in *TOWER OF LONDON* (to which this movie's cover is dedicated) is deftly parodied in the opening

scenes of this great satire with an overzealous called "Fozie" who's operating a 24-hour gallows operation with carnal efficiency, hanging both men and horses at the same time. After that, the gags get even wilder and so does Gene—Wilder, that is, co-starred with Cheyenne Little in this mad and insane spoof. Best scene: Madeline Kahn's virtuous Marlene Dietrich in *THE BLUE ANGEL*. Moreover, Woody Allen, Brooks may be just warning up. —Mervin Fier—

Second Opinion

SADDLES is a fun time-waster, but so well set-down after Brooks' comedy masterpiece, *THE PRODUCERS*. The back-ground info is that Brooks had major production problems from the outset but had WB's *cane Blanche* to make a film, see, and apparently all the foot to finance it was too tempting to resist so Mel pulled out all the stops and rashed, it seems, right into battle without very much planning. All of it looks it might've been dreamt up by his family trap-trap in a weekend—and it shows. Like, parts look entirely unpolished as if dialogue was provided on the spot before each take. The overall effect is too TV sitcomish, unless one considers large doses of boorish humor, overdoes and yokes and maintaining self-indulgence, guaranteed to get an R rating and magnetize the curios to the boxoffice. Finally, meeting up with a dead-end and in a last-ditch effort to fix an ending, Brooks actually comes up with no ending! Just as all of it hangs on making senselessness, Brooks ends by going all the way down from an "old West" satire, the whole cast bursts out of their WB sordidness and break into another unit filming a *Rudy Merle*-type musical, resulting in Max Irons-like chaos. Absurdist, erratic, noncommittal as hell, Brooks has a rack of getting away with it, not at his best, but worth at least one sitting. And... watch the guy—he's a monster who can do anything—such as, *YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN*, slated for review in the next issue.

—C.T.B.—

PHASE IV (82 min.—Par., 1974). Nigel Davenport, Michael Murphy, Lynne Frederick, Dr. Seal Bass, Colee.

It's heartbreaking to learn that Seal Bass, the imaginative graphics artist who designed the opening titles for Hitchcock's three greatest thrillers, has himself now taken to directing suspense movies. His newest enterprise is *PHASE IV*, a blend of 50s sci-fi and 70s eco-disaster survival. The scenario finds entomologist Nigel Davenport and game theorist Michael Murphy in an Arizona desert where ants are behaving oddly. The little critters have successfully rotted out all the inhabitants of a local housing development (save Lynne Frederick, as the inevitable nubile stragglerek. The ants have also fouled their customary hills and are threatening to build colonies that cover the entire sky-scrapers above the parched plain. The scientists construct a research station and set out to study and exterminate the insects. The ants, as they learn, are equally determined to stably and exterminate humans. What ensues is a total war of nerves, intellects and brute terror. The denouement is suitably chilling.

The narrative isn't always developed with logic and coherence, but *PHASE IV*, nevertheless, a gripping suspense exercise. Davenport is a delight to watch, his cool detachment enthralls by degrees, while his mellifluous British accent remains dignified throughout. Murphy, his less dedicated assistant, has his own enthusiasm undercut by Miss Frederick, a sublingual nymph who functions as dead weight, both to the mission and the plot. This young couple is victimized as much by hickneyed, amateurish dialogue as by ants. Bass's visuals are as sophisticated as one might expect, though often fondly colored; amber and green predominate for production. —Roen—



Peter Cushing as the immortal Dr. F., in FRANKENSTEIN AND THE MONSTER FROM HELL.

GREASER'S PALACE (91 min.—Cinema V—1972). Alber Reissner, Michael Sullivan, Pablo Ferré, Eric Dowdy. Dir.: Robert Downey. Color.

A big budget allegorical surreal farce, written and directed by Bob Downey, produced by Cyrus Rubin ("No, No Nanette") and, in the female lead, the talented Linda Anders (of *Nightmare*, *Pr and the Prom Queen*, *Dewey*—73). Impressive on all counts (especially photography), story concerns a Christ-like Fortune healer (Allan Arbus) who claims he is on his "way to Jerusalem to become an actor-singer." Instead, he wanders the old West and encounters a sort of Pre-Raphaelite wild branch where he ingests with various acts of healing and walking-on water. Or rather, shuffling-off-to-Buffalo on water—one of the most original comedy ideas in any film outside of Woody Allen's work. Downey's first film was *BALL'S BLUFF* (1961), a fantasy in which a Civil War soldier awakes in present-day Central Park. It showed great promise.—*GREASER'S PALACE* fulfills that promise.

—Marion Fox

SHORT TAKES

The following but does not necessarily replace more extensive reviews that may appear in a forthcoming issue.

BLACK WINDMILL, THE (94 min.—U.S.—1974). Michael Cane, Donald Pleasence, Delphine Seyrig, Janet Suzman. Dir.: Don Siegel. Has the inimitable Siegel (master of the *Body Snatcher* touch), a great cast, British atmosphere. Cloak & dagger suspense when son of British secret agent is kidnapped and dad follows a dark, corded trail. Pleck got mixed reviews, mostly negative, don't believe them. Color.

CAPTAIN KRONOS: VAMPIRE HUNTER (91 min.—Par., 1974). Boris Janson, Cro-

me Murro, Dir.: Bojan Clemens.

Clemens is a trustworthy, veteran hand at SFianas, therefrom root this film's cash. Good Hammer quality this time (it's a vampire hunter à la *Dr Aragon* and *Cyrax*, riding away at badasses and the ungodly with his trusty sword). Color.

FRANKENSTEIN & THE MONSTER FROM HELL (93 min.—Par., 1974). Peter Cushing, Shani Pratt, Madeline Smith. Dir.: Terence Fisher. Color.

Another welcome Hammer, co-billed in most editions with KRIONIS. Dr Cushing-Lauferman back at the helm—familiar? Of course, but it's the typical Hammer/jealous teach, and God knows—that's so little of the day's news. Clever for Hammer, Cushing, et al. Color.

PARALLAX VIEW, THE (100 min.—Par., 1974). Warren Beatty, Diane Cadyne. Dir.: Alan J. Pakula.

Go a jump further though not as interesting as Frankenstein's phantasmagorical evolution of mind-bending conspiracy assassination delineated in *THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE*. But leaves one wondering, groping over the very likely possibility of an establishment Govt. endorsed secret conspiracy to murder important people who pose "trouble." A few flaws, but a powerful day/nightmare. Color.

CONVERSATION, THE (113 min.—Par., 1974). Gene Hackman, Alain Garfield, Dina French, Ford Coppola.

Parano craze noted by PARALLAX gets heightened after watching master bugger Hackman able to virtually bag his victim's innermost subconscious thoughts. Eccentric, monstrous but during judgment of personality conditions, often overanalytic and tedious, yet usually overwhelming in its manner of telling that "1984" has been with us for some time. Color.

PHANTOM OF THE PARADISE (92 min.—Fox, 1974). Paul Williams, William Fawley, Jessica Harper, Dan'l Davis De Palma. Director De Palma mixes up a fast, colorful, tuneful (Paul Williams' excellent 3 song) batch, combining some of the March touches, *PSYCHO*, *FAUST* and *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*. Most modern kind of *Sinfonia* is a long time, though rooted in traditional genre quality in a DR. PHIBES sense, and then some. Bound to be one of most talked about films in years. Color.

ANIMAL CRACKERS (85 min.—Par., 1950). The Marx Bros., Louis Roth, Margaret Dumaine, Didi Vicar Herman.

The only Marx Bros. film that Groucho owns outright, never seen on TV and not theatrically for over 22 years. Little can be said in praise of all one of the Marx's best created at the flowering of their irretrievable, way-ahead-of-their-time career.

COPS & ROBBERS (89 min.—U.S., 1973). Cliff Gorman, Joseph Lopresto. Dir.: Alan Arkon.

Far from anything its title implies, Crane does pay in two typical C.R. cops, fed up setting everyone else making out, decide to pull a big heist on McFie So., with the Mafia on their tail after the swollen backs. NYC locations photographed in replete, un-stereotyped style for a change. Moves fast, plenty of twists and class-A humor. Unique and highly recommended. Color.

DAY OF THE JACKAL, THE (142 min.—U.S., 1973). Edward Fox, Alan Badel, Michel Audiard, Terence Alexander. Dir.: Fred Zinnemann.

Understated raised masterpiece deserves at least one good viewing. Based on actual incident. Fox a breed by French rightists to kill De Gaulle for selling out Algeria. French CIA-type agents become desperate trying to find the elusive Fox who, as a master of disguise, does a number of Chisholm changes and commits cold-blooded murder to reach his goal. Color.

DEATH WISH (93 min.—Par., 1974). Charles Bronson, Vincent Gardenia. Dir.: Michael Winner.

Non-violent, liberal architect Bronson turns into methodical, devious one-man vigilante, chopping down muggers after his wife is killed by one and his daughter ends up in an asylum because of the shock. The police pull their punches and admire him courage, street crime drops 50%. Detective Goddard doesn't arrest Bronson but lets him go elsewhere. Bronson takes the hint, but apparently suffers from sense of misdirection heading to Chicago instead of Washington, D.C. Perhaps this has something to say, though in words is worded agent mindless power and not upon the political provocateurs responsible for their presence, many private citizens have begun bearing arms for the first time and crime has started tapering off in some areas. Color.

ANIMATED SHORT FILMS

The most original work (outside of Czechoslovakia) in the area of the animated short takes place these days at the Zagreb Studio of Yugoslavia. The films cover a wide range of themes, but, like the products of different American cartoon studios of the past, are allied by the Zagreb "style." Božidar's *VENUS AND THE CAT*, based on an Aesop Fable, outlines *YELLOW SUBMARINE* in an amazing display of animation techniques illustrating a tale of psychological extremes. Other outstanding Zagreb product: *TUP, TUP*, a 1972 Academy Award nominee, showing the frustration of the lack of privacy in contemporary life. The film is an extension of the same director's *PASSING DAYS* (1961). *DISCOVERER* and *SERENDIPITY* both show man as an adventurer,

return of his own drive to explore the unknown. In CUBUS, two characters mentally conjure up squares above their heads; in tandem they image a monstrous cube, which heurts briefly before falling and crashing them out. In GOLD, a character fails repeatedly to scale a sheer wall, revealed at the end as just female legs. The brief but compelling EUPHORIA shows the ecstatic flight of a man who has spouted wings; he flies faster and faster until he smashes head first into a wall and crumples in a flurry of feathers to the ground.

— Marvin Fox —

DRAMA PREVIEW

SHERLOCK HOLMES (Broadhurst Theatre, New York, N.Y.), starring John Wood.

This remarkably free stage drama is about to open in several days (Nov. 16) as we go to press. A full report on it, including an interview with John Wood, will appear in our next issue of Col (Nov. 25). Suffice it that the theater world and all of Broadway is buzzing with excitement over it and that it's certain to undergo film adaptations before long. The play has already proved a tremendous hit, the Royal Shakespeare Company (undoubtedly the most brilliant theatre group today) produced it last year for the London stage where it was not only an enormous success but went on to break all house records at the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington in its first Broadway run. — Ossie Kene —

8mm FILM REVIEWS

DRACULA (12 min.—super 8, silent; Univ., 1931—Castle). Good continuity, disappointingly little; all scenes are edited and spliced from the last several reels of original production. All that's save is the Count (Lagos) strolling down London's smoky streets at night, discovering and eventually abducting Mina Seward, dimmed by his impatience by Van Helsing (Edw. van Sloan). Lack of sound isn't detrimental since Lugosi's scenes are essentially silent. Looking great. Transylvanian scenes, Dwight Frye's horrific scenes and relatively little of Bela himself, it's all an extremely mild dilution. (Available in standard and super silent; super 8 and 16mm sound.)

THE FANTASY OF MELIES (10 min.—standard & super 8, 16mm silent—1903. Available from Blackhawk Films).

Three shorts produced and directed by Georges Melies. *Extraordinary Mansions*, *The Enchanted Wolf*, *The Apparition*. One of several Melies packages created by Blackhawk. These rarely seen films are a must. A former stage magician, Melies was responsible for the development of almost the entire genre of film special effects (disolves, fades, superimposition, extension, maturation, etc.) and the first to utilize them creatively, starting from around 1896 to 1912. Melies continually amazed early audiences with his "artificially arranged scenes," as he called them, which usually involved home-fantasy. These three are typically Melies' wild, frantic action; surprising people, monsters, surreal pros, all in high-spirited knockabout style. *Extraordinary Mansions* is about a magician and his assistant going thru amazing transformations at incredible speed. *The Enchanted Wolf* (probably the best of the trio) shows a sorcerer placing a curse on a well; when a man has to take water from it, he is beset by 600 assorted demons, comically huge snakes, even goat gods. Then, Satan makes an appearance, turns into a bat and flies away. *The Apparition*, an animated candle has a will of its own, then a paper barn from which a dancing ghost springs forth.

Film quality is remarkably good considering their origin (copied from paper positives in the library of Congress). Entertaining, great fun.

and mandatory for any one interested in 8mm film history. Other works by Melies are also available from different distributors.

THE THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD (12 min.—std. & super 8, silent; RKO, 1951; Ken Filson). A horrible patch-job of a sci-fi classic. It starts off showing the extraterrestrial Thing dragged by Ken Toltay and crew to their arctic research station, accompanied by a superstitious FBI, comparing the knowledge that it is "A thing...from another...from where no one knows?" As the scene ends, the Thing escapes, having maimed. But now scenes appear in inverse order (increasing other choppy editing), making every thing nearly incomprehensible to anyone unfamiliar with the original release. Effects are dumb-dumb with little attempt to follow actual dialogue. The much-much's most令人ing virtue is that it contains all of the Thing's oceanic actions, but, for lack of sensible editing and even amateurish skill, motivation is lost—scenes appear in rapid-fire successive manner, impact. James Arness's electrical finale is shown in its entirety, but there's an abrupt end at this point. Print quality is excellent, though, and could be re-edited if the buyer feels it worth the time and bother.

THE GHOST OF SLUMBER MOUNTAIN (10 min.—std. 8, silent, 1919. Special effects by Willis O'Brien). O'Brien's animation isn't full view until the last few minutes, but the entire film is intriguing and interesting. Story: Hunter on a safari and meets a, man in black ghost who reveals a strange world of prehistoric creatures—a brontosaurus, huge bird-eating snake, a tyrannosaurus hunting a huge lizard. Models are well-made and move with little jerkiness, camera-sets and backgrounds, though, are mediocre and distract from the overall impact. Print quality fair, showing some poor contrast and possible cuts, plus too-brief credits it doesn't affect story continuity, but it's annoying. (Available from Imperial-East at)

HAUNTED SPOOKS (20 min.—std. and super 8, 16, silent; Hal Roach, 1926—Blackhawk). Name-crowd versions of Harold Lloyd's comedy gags have, all now, proved rare on the market; of the few available, this is probably the best even if not as exemplary as Lloyd's later *Statues*. Story: Kidnapped by his girl, Harold makes several funny outside attempts. Rich heiress rescues him because she has a husband to inherit the estate, unaware that her evil uncle plots to frighten them away by convincing them that the estate is haunted. Typical silent-era spook stuff: saying transformations, people running in and out dark hallways, etc., and irresistibly stereotyped black servants.

The print quality is superb (typical of Blackhawk Films) and the original opening title-set intact.

THE MUMMY (12 min.—std. & super 8, 16mm silent & sound—1932, Univ.—Castle). A Universal classic has been turned into 150 feet of tape by Castle Film's editing dept. Making shockingly no sense, the bandaged mummy isn't even worth the film stock it's pent on. All that can be salvaged from this unbearable bunch-job are a few nice shots of Karloff, otherwise it's all wannabe-jumbo titles and scared people running around. The only intact thing is the classic, but rendered almost useless because of the preceding hatchet job.

SON OF FRANKENSTEIN (12 min.—std. & super 8 silent, std. & super 8 & 16mm sound—U.S.A., 1939. Castle). Well-edited and coherent adaptation of a change from Castle, wasting no time in getting the characters involved in the strange goings-on. Just about all the great sequences are shown in their original logical progression, beginning with Dr. Frankenstein (Boris Karloff) toasting his father's memory, Lagoos peeking thru a window, Dr. F finding Moaney (Karloff) and reviving him—creepy (with some good

bloodshed) has Rathbone doing his Texan costume and locking the Moaney into the sulphur pit. A fine, compact collector's item, easy on the eyes and offering some fine views of the superb sets. Print quality is excellent, and includes the original opening and closing credits.

MONSTER FROM THE SEA (12 min.—super 8 silent (b/w and color), & super 8 color/sound—excerpts from 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea, Buena Vista (Disney), 1944—Disney Films). Excellent abridged presentation of original feature classic. The famous sequence showing the battle between the giant squid and crew of the Nautilus is obviously intact. It's an honest item not meant to condense the entire film but only to show some chart highlights. Also seen is Kirk Douglas harpooning the monster in the eye (a silly little black flashes, "Bullseye!"); Peter Lorre has one short bug-eyed moment, and, then James Mason vs. the Squid, of course. A good deal, especially if you like the film.

— Frank Steel and Carl Nyble —

SFantaFILM NEWS

Production will be soon nearing completion on 20th Century-Fox's THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW, adapted from the international satirical rock musical hit. Soliloquizing everything from 40's horror films to 50's black party stuff (with a heavy slice of today's hangups and fads tossed in), it features the original stage production star, Tim Curry.

Sequelizing THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD (now a boxoffice hit), Ray Harryhausen's back at the helm, now working on SINBAD AT THE WORLD'S END, produced by Charles Schneer for Columbia release. Scripting the sequengary a Beverly Cross who also wrote JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS. Story-action will take Sinbad to a strange, new world inhabited by fantastical creatures and humans from a land beyond. Production is scheduled to start this spring, 1975.

From England, Tyburn Films is currently producing BY THE DEVIL... POSSESSED... DRACULA'S FEAST OF FLOOD and THE PHANTOM COACHMAN. Recently completed: THE GHOUL (dir. by Freddie Francis, script by John Eliot, starring Peter Cushing, John Hoy, Andrew Keir, Gwen Watford and Peter Newlands as "The Great" the LEGEND OF THE WEREWOLVES (dir. Freddie Francis).

Freddie Francis must be also one of the busiest directors around, having recently finished CRAZED for Herman (Kong, Zorg, Black Zeal) Cohen, a film of black magic and Witchcraft starring Jack Palance, Trevor Howard and Susy Kendell. Cohen's next is THE HEADSMAN, likewise in Hong Kong. Francis also finished the first UK Dracula flick, SON OF DRACULA, with Ringo Starr acting and producing for Apple Films. Ringo plays Merlin in the magican.

Chris Lee, Herbert Lom and Joan Collins star in DARK PLACE (Gasterman), head of an asylum (Robert Hardy) is visited for a time by a former patient and has to live with the above stites and some rather gross.

Also from England VAMPIRES (Eassy Films), Amicus' adaptation of Bramstree's THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT, starring Doug McIver, BLOOD CITY, and (filmed in Japan) KONGORILLA, And what's being advertised as "the most terrifying production ever filmed in England," THE LIVING DEAD AT THE MANCHESTER MORGUE.

With YOUNG FRANKENSTEIN barely out yet, Gene Wilder is planning another spoof of the classics called SHERLOCK HOLMES' YOUNGER, SMARTER BROTHER (from Warner's), Japan's answer to the USA's EARTHQUAKE (starring Charlton Heston) is THE SUBMERSION OF JAPAN involving earthquakes and tidal waves which make the

entire nation—it's doing record business there, and the reports here at that the special effects are terrific.

The Grand Prize at the International Festival of Fantastic and Science Fiction Films (held last April in France) went to THE WICKER MAN, starring Christopher Lee, Britt Ekland and legend Peter Cushing (who is now holding the film and, for some odd reason, has done nothing with it so far). Make-up Award was won by John Chambers for \$8,000+, best acting award was to Vincent Price for DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN.

Catching up on THE EXORCIST'S fantastic success, BLACK MASS involves a cop who seeks retribution against a Satanic clan for killing his brother...HELP ME, I'M POSSESSED stars Bill Grier...From Italy THE WOMAN EXORCIZED AND THE GOD DEVIL, Even Walt Disney (of all stations!) is on the bandwagon with ESCAPE TO WITCH MOUNTAIN, starring Donald Pleasence, Kim Richards and Ray Milland.

The U.S.-Mexican co-production, MARY, BLOODY MARY (west? No sequel?), stars John Carradine...Up ahead: LOGAN'S RUN...Columbia's scheduling ANGEL'S CAVE OF STEAL...MGM (the U.S.'s "dumb" area) is marketing the very successful WESTWORLD via FUTUREWORLD.

—George Stover & John Ferguson

BOOKS AND MAGS

"Film Fantasy Scrapbook" (A.S. Barnes and Co.) The Twentieth Press, \$15.00. By Ray Harryhausen.

Fans of Ray Harryhausen's tremendous animation work will finally come out with a book devoted to his life and films. The book was announced a long time ago, and being a Harryhausen enthusiast, I bought the long-wait unto-tolerance. Now that it's out, I can only view it with a mixture of joy and disappointment: joy, because it's high time that RH received the attention he deserves; disappointment, because the book's deficiencies outweigh its merits.

First, the good points. Never before have so many superb scenes from RH's films (Inter-Mighty Joe Young in 1949 to The Valley of Gwangi in 1969) have been assembled into one compact volume. All total, nearly 250 photos are included, showing animation scenes of *The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms*, *Earth vs. the Venusian Men* from 20,000 Fathoms to Earth, not to mention a few of the animated beauties Harryhausen has treated us to over the years.

Besides the great photos, there are a number of excellent and rare pre-production drawings by RH revealing him to be a good draftsman in his own right. Other goodies: rare drawings that Willis O'Brien (KING KONG's animator and RH's mentor) created for two prehistoric adventure films which never materialized—*Oceans and the Valley of the Muz*, three of RH's earliest models a monitor from Japan and a Cave Bear constructed during his youth from his mother's flat cast over a wooden framework—and even a short comic excerpt from Bernard Herrmann's great score for *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad*—in this case, "The Fight with the Rue."

It's also very rewarding to discover that RH is a fine writer, expressive himself quite clearly in a very interesting and readable style. He makes some very intelligent and emotional plea for critics and public alike to appreciate the dedication and great amount of work that goes into his kind of animation work. Too often, these magnificient films are shamed aside as mere nonsense by the ignorant and insensitive; RH eloquently states his frustration when he sees his films being poorly distributed and ignored by serious critics. He makes some valid points on the subject and never descends to the level of self-pity.

With so many points in its favor, you are probably wondering why the book emerges as little that completely satisfactory.

To start with, there's the abominable price: \$15.00 for only 118 pages! Granted, the pictures are great. But if you like a lot of reading (which, at this price, you deserve), you may be dismayed to find that 80% of text consists of two or three paragraphs of explanation to the side of, or beneath, each group of pictures on each page. The book would be a lot more acceptable if it sold for, say, \$7.95. Obviously, the publishers are taking advantage of RH's loyal following. (In all fairness, it's understood that RH had no prior knowledge of what price the A.S. Barnes had in mind.)

Would-be animators, hoping to learn some secrets from The Master, will be quickly disappointed. Sure, RH uses technical terms around like "tracing-mats" and "Sedentary Skeletal Process." However, RH merely skirts the surface of the animation process. Any fan or student can probably learn more from an average issue of the excellent publication, "Special Visual Effects Created by Ray Harryhausen" (also known as FX RH, and reviewed below), than from this book.

Perhaps "Scrapbook," biggest flaw is that some of RH's creations are missing! There are no shots of the giant crane and squirrel from *The 7 Stories of Godiva* or the exquisite stoppers from *The Valley of Gwangi*, to name a few. Nonetheless, the pictures that are present are all atmospheric and evocative.

To sum up—the book will amuse mixed feelings in animation fans who may realize it has its flaws but who, like me, will probably be compelled to buy it anyway.

—Carroll Marchelle

FXRH (Special Effects Created by Ray Harryhausen)—Vol. No. 4: \$1.50. Talos Publications, 3039 Eilen St., Irving, Texas, 75063.

In all true justice, I doubt if there are many (or any) who have proved more qualified to publish works on Ray Harryhausen's life, techniques and achievements than Ernie Farino and Sam Calvo, the editors and publishers of FXRH. The present issue seems ridiculous low in price, for if the above Barnes book is sold at \$15, then FXRH is easily worth \$5 at least. Measuring about 8½" x 11", it runs 92 pages cover to cover, well-printed (four beautiful color shots on the inside cover showing scenes from *The Golden Voyage of Sinbad* with fine layouts, including none other than 240 relevant photos—photostically, around the same number as in the \$15 book). (The only slight difference is in the paper stock: the \$15 book uses average though good quality book paper, while FXRH uses high-grade newsprint.) As for the contents—they are more than intriguing. An interview with RH...RH's "Visual Effects Creations". An analysis of producer Charles Schneer...An essay and critique on *Golden Voyage of Sinbad*...An interview with Kenji Matsuno...an excellent article by Sam Calvo that offers a comprehensive study of RH and other animators, including Jim Danforth. And that's just for starters, not to mention a fine, informative and detailed letter column, as well as other good features.

The obvious question begging for an answer: Why on earth weren't Farino and Calvo at least involved in embellishing RH's \$15 book by being in charge of layouts, design, prefatory notes, commentary, etc.? Better yet if they had actual overall control from start to finish.

Because FXRH is such a grand labor of love, you should, in all conscience, add an extra \$1.00 to cover the cost of handling, envelope and postage. As things stand, FXRH's future may be in jeopardy; if many of you are indeed true SFantasy film fans, it is your duty and responsibility to guarantee the continuation of this great publication.

—CTB

"The World Inside" (184 pp., Doubleday & Co.—\$14.95, SF Book Club Edition; 1971). By Robert Silverberg.

A scintillating, fast-paced description of the year 2381 when men live in Urban Monads—or Urbane—giant lightships around the face of the Earth. The world population has expanded to 75 billion. Silverberg picks one Urbane and, in brilliant style with much gore, structures and details the society that lives there. Since futuristic architect Paolo Soleri refuses to speculate on the life of people who would live in his proposed Urbane-like sky-buildings, we should be grateful for visionary Silverberg. In both the reality (Society) and the sf (Silverberg), there would be no need for anyone to leave their building. It would make a great movie property for any producer astute enough to see its excellent boxoffice potential (Devin Allen, are you there?). Also now available in paperback, endowed by fantastic cover-art that begins to tell part of the story and girls you,

—Morton Fox —

"Unfinished Symphony" (240 pp., Bantam Books—1972). By Rosemary Brown. London housewife Rosemary Brown's psychic encounters with List, Beethoven, Debuix, Bach, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Rachmaninoff have resulted in over 400 new compositions by these composers, some of which are available on Ms. Brown's recordings on the Phaidon label. In print, the comes across as a quite likable person, recounting anecdotes of visits by the composers to her home where they dictate music to her. Elsewhere in the book, she chronicles her BBC-TV appearances, her meetings with Leonard Bernstein and other personalities in the contemporary music world, and relates about her skill in fortunetelling. All of this is written in a simple and lucid fashion. She is, at times, overly defensive, but, understandably so, in light of the number of times she has had to suffer through quibblings by various musicians, journalists and TV hosts.

—Morton Fox —

HEROES OF THE HORRORS: Chauncy St., Karloff, Lugosi, Lorre, Chester Jr., & Vincent Price (appendix, 355 pp.—Macmillan; publication date: late December). By Colin T. Beck. Because Col Beck (and/or some others) has a notoriously bad habit of saying little about himself in print, let me save, albeit briefly, his short bio in this small space. He started out as a small child on radio—appearing in scores of dramatized fantasy sketches, while still a youngster, he got actively involved in SF/fantasy fan and, eventually, pro activity, and has ever since been involved (more than 25 years) in the genes and dreams of other things. Those who have known him his Col FOF may have already sensed this. I hasn't the room to detail his professional experience as an in-demand film lecturer, organizer and director of college film seminars (Rutgers, NYU, Fordham U, etc.), his remarkable but little known work with major film studios, and his several hundred SFantasy Film Mouthions. HEROES OF THE HORRORS represents, in various ways, CTB's unique sensibility and, with the possible exception of Chauncy's monumental "History of the Horror Film," is the best work on the genre.

Owing to inflation and anaphasic in Macmillan (resulting in over 250 images), the book's original Nov.-early Dec. schedule is now tentatively pushed over for late Dec./"14" or January. The price was announced as \$7.95 earlier in the year, but may wind up at \$8.95 or more—but it depends on rising costs in the publishing field, which have risen 25% in less than 10 months. Total number of pages is still an X factor, since I was in on some of the project (scouting layout, reading policy, etc.) before publication, so it may run anywhere between the original estimated 395 pages to, perhaps, 425. For one thing, it's a tremendous job, running around 85,000 words and

includes some 400 great photos, many that have never appeared before. Since Karloff appeared in more genre films than any of the others covered in the book, his biography is the longest; but CTB was very astute, aware there were five of six Karloff books already out—so what he's done is to encapsulate all vital Karloff statistics in a small area to avoid needless repetition and use the remaining 20,000 or so words on all new revelations, probing analysis and CTB's own inevitable evaluative insight.

The rest of the book is typically grand. But apart from its outstanding quality, CTB is the fact that I admit that to create a good project such as this necessitates organization and available aid—which he got from a number of aggressive SFantasy film buffs, one of the country's best copy-editors (himself a genre fan) and also CTB's own research and recall, covering the hundreds of films cited in this book which he's seen himself. Except for a very disappointing work shop on Chancy Sr., including many important details (now included in CTB's book), that appeared several years ago, most of the other stars who are represented have yet seen hard covers. BOTH also includes Filmmakers on all the stars, and, as an added bonus, a magnificient History of SFantasy Films, not to overlook CTB's own brilliant introduction—the last item that went into the book. I had the honor to read it several times...it's a masterpiece in itself!

—Roxwell Van Cleve —

IN BRIEFS—

"The Films of Boris Karloff" (385 pp., Citadel Press, 1974—\$12.00). By Ken Beale and Richard Begun. Heavy on pix, good on way detailed filmography, but the biography is disappointingly thin (22 pages), half of which is taken up by photos. Inside story of the book's production was in alone worthy of a small article, at least. A good work, nonetheless.

Fantasy Collector's Annual—1974 (third edition—\$7.95, from Gerry de la Rie, 7 Cedarwood Lane, Saddle River, NJ 07454). Speaksounds in SFantasy prose and art narrative. 10 rare letters by Algernon Blackwood; an unpublished "Poe" lecture by Mablon Blane. Also: Vizard Fisher, Cawelti, Pepe, many more. The 1973 edition of the Annual will be also available in December.

Black Oracle (\$1.60 for 3 issues)—George Steven, P.O. Box 10005, Baltimore, Md. 21206. One of the finest specialized little mags. Current issue (no. 7), the Palais "Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde," the Star Trek play, "A Chat with Vincent Price," in-depth analysis of Hustler's "Lost Honor"—plus more. GU's 8th issue (due in Dec.) will include an interview with Forrest Tucker recounting his Star Trek film memories, and Steve Vertes' long-awaited monolithic article on THE EXORCIST.

* * *

CORRECTIONS & APOLOGIES—

Steve Vertes (1517 Bonner St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19149) wishes to announce he has severed connections for more than a year with L'Incredibile Cinema as this publication's U.S. editor and representative and wants it known he is not responsible for its cessation of activity and other problems.

Through an unfortunate oversight, CTB's no. 22 editorial, which quoted an A.I.D. Report article (praising CTB for being "unmatched by any other film magazine") left out the distinguished author's name, who happens to be Tim Osselko, a regular contributor to *The Velvet Light Trap*—among the most interesting and lively film publications around.

Due to CTB's rising volume of mail, it's become virtually impossible for us to handle

personal replies, unless of course of the most vital nature. Thus it is, however, only temporary. We've undergone a major transition—this has included a number of predictable as well as unforeseen problems, selecting proper personnel, total avoidance in the past of formality letter when a personal reply seemed entirely fitting—which is the greatest trick on earth when writing through 400,000 pieces of weekly mail. Things are gradually getting on a more fluid schedule (happy to say), including the frequency of CTB's appearance. And, naturally, we're always looking for submissions of relevant articles, photos, et al. But—self-addressed stamped envelopes at all times—please!

NEXT ISSUE . . .

Beginning — a major article and interview concerning GEORGE PAL (creator of *Destination Moon*, *Tom Thumb*, *The Time Machine*, etc.).

An interview with LEONARD NIMOY. Plus articles and features on current films and other topics of lasting significance.

* * *

SMIA (Society of Mystery Authors):

CTB has been instrumental in a number of attempts to contact Tom Maher (former artist for this mag). Tom's last known address was in the Los Angeles area. If he or anyone knowing of his whereabouts will communicate with us, we'll appreciate it deeply.

* * *



"He who would defile this burial chamber in search of burial treasure—
hold the lantern steady, Vernon—
—will feel the wrath of . . ."

HEROES
OF THE
HORRORS

CALVIN BECK

FRANKENSTEIN

TV guide

Now that we have reached the Q and R listing, can the remaining ones be far away? Well, it may not seem that way, once we've gone past S and T—the remaining letters could probably be covered in one or two issues. But, as we've already stated two issues ago, this department has a number of welcome surprises ahead. Stay tuned in for further developments. —*Joe Davis, Jr., editor*



QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE (80 min.—AA, 1958). The names of Charles Beaumont (screenplay) and Ben Hecht (story) seem almost automatically identified with the obfuscate fantasy about a lost race of Venusian warrior women and the chauvinistic astro-musicians who chase them down. The plot was interesting at a point, but it's funny in exactly the opposite way as our heroes run around muttering lines like "Check out that babe!" and "How'd you like to drag that one to the high school prom?" Zsa Zsa Gabor stars as the first Venusian with a Hungarian accent, and all three fans of director Edward Bernds will doubtless register an emotional twinge at the use of certain *WORLD IN THE WORLD* (1933) scenes.

WORLD WITHOUT END (1956). Fred Macmillan, Paul Silcox, Laurie Mitchell, Lila Gail. "Scopic, Color."

QUEEN OF SPADES (85 min.—Hoffner, 1937). Film version (French version of Pushkin's fable) about a Russian countess who sells her soul to Satan in return for the secret of winning at cards and the poor officer who finds only madness when he kills her to get the secret. Little seen today, this was translated from 100-plus original for U.S. distribution in the '40s. Pierre Blanchar, Marguerite Moreau, Madeleine Zeray, Andre Lotte, Drin, Pedro Gómez.

QUEEN OF SPADES (95 min.—British, 1948). Renowned version by British director Terence Dickinson. It is beautifully photographed (Dolores del Río is a real star), but still heavily laden with moral tales and some dedicated effort to edit through. Moody and dark throughout, with nice score by Georges Auric. Anton Walbrook, Edith Evans (she's magnificent), Ronald Howard, Arthur Davies, Miles Mander.

QUEEN OF SPADES (180 min.—Antoine, 1950). Russian operatic version with Tchekhovskiy (Rusia) is lovely to see and hear, but makes little with opera music buffs. Gleb Strzhenski, Valentina Polozovskaya, Colos.

QUEEN OF SPADES (92 min.—Perr-Cite, 1966). It didn't win any races over its initial French offering (according to several reports) and received virtually no distribution in the

U.S. This version looks decent enough, though realistic. Rita Porto, Michel Subor, Simone Barth, Dr. Leonard Koenig.

QUEEN OF THE AMAZONS (61 min.—Screen Guild, 1953). Robert Lowery leads a safari (as good) through Amazonian jungle to find the one character puts it, "The ferocious territory presided over by the Queen of the Amazons." Is this grade-B jungle flicker? Most fun than some other treatments of the subject you could probably name. Petrus Monson, J. Edward Bromberg, John Newland, Dr. Edward Piriey.

QUEEN'S SHREWDNESS, THE (66 min.—K.G. Murray, 1952). When their mythical kingdom is threatened by violent savages, Shirley the Skunk and her son the Wolf set out to rescue a princess. More prehistoric chad from Mexico and K. Gordon Murray featuring grown people jumping around in moth-eaten animal suits. Brainwashing, especially for kids. Chico Mendes, Priscilla Santorum, Arpad de Weitzer, Dr. Roberto Brengues. "Scope, Color."

QUEST FOR LOVE (91 min.—1972)—John Wyndham's evocative "Invasion" (1951) in revised form, concerning interdimensional by director Ralph Thomas. Set in 1951 by Hammer vet Bert I. Gordon has fascinating storyline about parallel dimensions where history has progressed in slightly altered fashion. Tom Bell, thrust from our world into its "dubious," falls for Joan Collins who died and reappeared later in our world. Could be better, but interesting nevertheless. Sold directly to U.S. TV in 1973; Denholm Elliott, Laurence Naismith, Simon Ward. Color.



RAGE (70 min.—WB, 1972). George C. Scott's self-flaunted directorial debut was butchered by the studio heads, but still emerges as a scarily convincing metaphor for current political events. Rancher Scott and son Nicholas Beauvoir are possessed by mystery forces as they try to defend their land from corrupt politicians trying to cover it up. Tightly produced and highly intense, but besides some powerfully persuasive moments, Rigged drama is not one of them, however. Good cast includes Scott, Richard Easton, Marla Sheet, Bernard Hughes, others. "Scope, Color."

RAGTIME (90 min.—WB, 1981). George C. Scott's self-flaunted directorial debut was butchered by the studio heads, but still emerges as a scarily convincing metaphor for current political events. Rancher Scott and son Nicholas Beauvoir are possessed by mystery forces as they try to defend their land from corrupt politicians trying to cover it up. Tightly produced and highly intense, but besides some powerfully persuasive moments, Rigged drama is not one of them, however. Good cast includes Scott, Richard Easton, Marla Sheet, Bernard Hughes, others. "Scope, Color."

RAMAR OF THE JUNGLE (177 min.—ITC, 1952). Created around simple temple sets, one-syllable plots and flat acting were the iron standards of one 1952-53 ITC series featuring Jon Hall as a fearless white hunter-doctor making Africa safe for white folks, at least, in 1954 syndicator ITC made its own memorable contribution to film history by re-editing a number of Ramar episodes into five feature-length movies, which were then sold for exploitation. Two of them, all of them if not identically low quality, include: "Ramar & the Burning Star" (81 min.), "Ramar & the Deadly Parasites" (80 min.), "Ramar & the Jungle Snipers" (81 min.), "Ramar & the Savage Challengers" (81 min.), "Ramar & the Unknown Terror" (81 min.). "Ramar Meets to India" (80 min.) [Grade C movies are one thing, but Grade-C early TV is the worst.]



RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK (92 min.—Fox, 1963). A poetically affective treatment [Hammer] of this notorious Russian "holy man" activities a caustic to distract the facts to fit horror genre conventions (some previous versions, closer to actuality, wound up as comedies) and bend to more dramatic ends of Carter, Dr. Lee Remick. Unhappily, supernatural angles are brought in only to be disposed abruptly in favor of standard melodramatics and court intrigue, and heavy cutting has reduced Don Sharp's direction to a series of hurried setpieces with routine Hammer hysterical historical hokum filling in the gaps. Barbara Shelley, Richard Paven, Peter Matthews, Susan Farmer, Scope, Color.

RAT PUNK AND BOB BOO (72 min.—Morgan-Scheuer, 1966). Spiky cut and enthrall, Ron Haycock, wrote this spookily attempt to mix up ploddy discounted apes on BATMAN with the most extreme rock-and-roll action ever seen on television. It gets away with its ugly appearance via effective photography, tuneful R&B numbers—and the fact that everyone involved seemed to have fun. Despite financial handicaps, story-action breezes along as rock star Lorrie Lord and his pal Trixie Twinty-ton costumes become Rat Punk and Bob Boo, who burst The Charn Gang who's kidnapped Trixie, get George Brauer's (Captain Scarlet) gang. There's also an intestinal grotto, Van Saxon, Titus Moebs, others. Dr. Dennis Sheekle.

RAVEN (62 min.—Units, 1955). One of the last great Hammer films, this is a ripe entry from Boris Karloff, makes this one of the most enjoyable, albeit corniest, horror pics of the '50s. Mad plastic surgeon Beta is obsessed by Poe and his writings to the point of reconstructing torture devices like the Pit and the Pendulum in his basement. Depraved by patient Jean Hale, who unaccountably loves drab Lester Matthews' limited

et. Lupoff (whose brilliant scenario saved her life a little earlier), Stephen Ladd's script, convict Karan McTee, who makes out his command to be the ultimate group imperialism in Beau's fortress house. "Poe, you are avenged!" cries out Beau in the penultimate depends on watching Samuel S. Hinds. A masterpiece, with fine, ambitious direction by Louis Freylander (Lion Lardner), Ira Corman, Len Wolfe,



RAVEN, THE (106 min.—AMP, 1962). Price, Kerfoot and Long seem to be having such a nice time in this new Roger Corman spoof that it's practically irresistible. One of Stephen Marlowe's better screenplays casts Price and Marlowe at good and evil wizards respectively, and the plot is so thin that it gives birth to a galumphing hair-raiser, half-farce, Daniel Hall's tone-buggy production design seems almost sumptuous but Floyd Crosby's Scope cinematography suffers in scanning for small screens, especially in that enlightening wizard duel, in all, probably one of German's best efforts, full of gags, chutzpah, Jack Nicholas, Hard case!, *Casper, Cedar,*

RAW MEAT (87 min.—UR, 1973). TV censorship isn't going to keep this grisly, offbeat British shocker (original title: *DEATHLINE*), which has already cleaned up somewhat for US, though it's still far from being tame. London underground traces to cannibal descendants of workers trapped in collapsed excavation at turn of century, thereby initiating directorial debut by Gary Sherman, with Donald Pleasence a big help as wisecracking police official. Chris Lee adds some spice in tiny cameo that must have taken all of ten minutes to shoot. Norman Rossington, David Lord, Sharon Gurney, *Casper,*



REAR WINDOW (112 min.—UR, 1954). Hitchcock's voyeuristic masterpiece and easily one of the most cinematic of all time. Photog James Stewart, his leg in a cast, eavesdrops by spying on his neighbors in adjoining apartment, ending with high power transceiver, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., for whom one of them canonic master Edith Head's best in its complexity, with Raymond Burr one of the most sympathetic Hitchcock villains ever. Based on story by Cornell Woolrich, Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey, Thelma Ritter, *Casper,*

RED GARTERS (51 min.—Par., 1954). Musical burlesque of western has stylized sets and perfunctory cast, but George Murbur's gaudy effects on makes it all seem like a 90 minute dream sequence. Rosemary Clooney, Jack Carson, Guy Mitchell, Pat Crowley, Gene Barry, Eddie Fisher, *Casper,*

RED HOUSE, THE (99 min.—UR, 1947). Much weightless and clumsy atmosphere at the barmy secret of the Red House in the woods and the screams in the night bring you back to a J. Lee (Alphonse Roberts) raised in the South by his father, Edward G. Robinson and sister Judith Anderson. Considerably a potboiler, but well directed by Derner Davis with fine Mildred蓉ona score and strong Robinson performance. Len Mo-

Geller, Julie London, *Romy and Casper.*

RED PLANET MARS (87 min.—UA, 1952). A fascinating document for students of the 1950s. American scientists Peter Graves and Andrei Kost establish contact with advanced civilization on Mars which is ruled by Christ theotology, maybe the Devil Himself. This news brings panic and chaos on Earth and motivates man to the spreading of communism in Russia. It also instills by example of, well, of God. Theatrically extremely astounding, certainly higher-level than ostrichy propaganda pieces like *HV AD 100 USA*, but ingenious to a point beyond absurdity. Could only have been conceived, let alone released, in the McCarthy era. Great! "11" cast includes Weston Miller, Walter Sande, Herbert Marshall, Witherspoon, Morris Ankrum. One of few directorial efforts of production designer Harry Horner's many photographed by Joe Bress.

REFLECTION ON FEAR, A (89 min.—Cels., 1972). Made in 1972 at LARRY BIRNTH, this arty number languished on the shelf for awhile until Columbia cut it and it fit as a horror dunder. In its present truncated form, it's short on coherence but long on tricky symbolism. George Watsky (MONTE WALSH), a former communist, and his catatonic lawyer by Laszlo Krasznah make it fun to watch even when the plot is haziest—and that's all there is. Ward teenager Sonja Locke is held virtual prisoner in her bedridden encased island home by weird mama Mary Lee and weird grandma Sissy Hasso. Enter Tom depicted as Robert Shaw and cousin Frances Selly Kellerman, and look the wrenching start. Them ending is at least perverse if not terribly convincing, while loose ends and loopholes abound. *Casper,*

RELUCTANT ASTRONAUT, THE (101 min.—UR, 1964). TV-style Don Knotts carries off this space comedy with aplomb. AND M.R. CHICKEN, no bargain in itself. Nervous Knotts with ectropia is pushed into becoming an astronaut by his gung-ho father. Funny idea, huh? Laugh? You'll never start. Leslie Nielsen, Joan Freeman, Jesus White, Arthur Ornstein, *Casper,*

RELUCTANT SAINT, THE (200 min.—Ro., 1969). Picnic Little comic-domained in Italy by director Edward Dmytryk based on 17th century legend of Giuseppe Desa, double-minded stabbio who became a saint and exhibited powers of levitation. His certain death appeal and mass apotheosis aside, but Unimpressive as either entertainment or history. Maximilian Schell, Ricardo Montalban, La Pavarotti, Patti Tamborrini.

REMARKABLE ANDREW, THE (90 min.—Par., 1943). Possibly cheating fantasy scripted by Dalton Trumbo from old novel, "The Merchant of Four Hundred Millions." Alan Holden refuses to give the account to cover a shortage in the company accounts, and is aided by ghosts of founding fathers Andrew Jackson, Jefferson, Franklin and Washington. Petty patriotic stuff to come more a winter who, a few short years later, would be blackballed for alleged "subversive" leanings. Brian Donlevy, Ellen Drew, Ray Cramer, Ralph Webb, Peter Hall, Dr. Stuart Heisler.

REPEAT PERFORMANCE (82 min.—Eagle Lion, 1947). Fairly intriguing drama gives murderer Joan Leslie a chance to relive the previous year of her life. Will she kill again? Director Alfred Werker does his usual with-murky job but it's no classic but not bad at all. Louis Hayward, Richard Barthelmess, Tom Conway, Virginia Field.

REPTILE, THE (91 min.—Fox, 1966). A semi-as mysterious "black" death hold a company bear specimen black bears and three fake minks around their throats; they look quite dreadful, all right—as it turned by some huge serpent, which is indeed correct, except there's no clue as to the killer ... for awhile. Apparently the site of the latter are passed on to his offspring. Because

of Dr. Franklyn's (Noel Willman) hemisphere in the mysterious East, the natives put a curse upon his daughter hunting. But little is mentioned with regard to creatures. Cropped by human horror with John Wayne united to Hemmet's usual quality, make a big suspense and tons hairy toes which may suffer. Thriller actress Jennifer Danie, Ray Barrett, Jacqueline Pearce, Michael Ripper, Dr. John Gilling. *Casper.*



REPULSION (105 min.—Royal, 1965). Five years later, this was the answer to *Psycho*. Roman Polanski's brilliant blending of psychopathy, sexualism and autism. By Polanski's denuded fantasia in graphic realistic manner, director Polanski and actress Catherine Deneuve crawl inside the human cortex and lay it raw for viewing. Probably the best film made on mental illness. Gifted Miss Deneuve is a real star, but many, many other actresses look like amateur. Pic shows shot showing gritted photo of the madwoman (playing in catatonic-like state) is alone a masterpiece and "terrific." Yvesine Printiaux, John Fraser, Ian Hendry, Robert Wyndham.

RETIC, THE MOON MENACE (100 min.—RKO, 1966). Command Cody (John Wayne), set the Pres. candidate sent him to assist to save Earth from being blown up by atomic gun of Retic (Ray Banzer), vastly ineffective ruler of underground civilization on the Moon. Considering this was cut down from a 13-chapter (1962) series, six of which were virtual repeats of each other, it's not an improvement but strictly for diehard campers. *Casper*, originally serialized as *Radar Man From the Moon*, Alice Towne, William Shatner, Clayton Moore, Dr. Peter Urmson.

RESURRECTION OF ZACHARY WHEELER, THE (100 min.—Maverick, 1971). Probably the fast goes tiresome of ultimate potential of DNA cloning (the theory of reconstituting a complete human duplicate from a mere sliver of skin's skin). Presidential hopeful, Senator Bradford Dilman, has his sheltered body taken from a car wreck, but shadowy engineer Eddie Niemann, realizing he'd go into a shell shock if he gets assimilated with the body, envisions a mysteriously elsewhere. Govt scientists have learned to undo the human tissue from his destruction in a kind of *JANDROME* (D. ST. JOHN) locale, secret science center in Alamedoro, NM, involved in saving lives of lame people via major transplants extracted from horse-grown clones (e.g., single repetition is impossible). Eddie Niemann, from a "team," played a son and a few days later, he becomes a "son" see? James Daly, Alan Alda, Dorothy Hamill, Jack Carter, Lee Purcell, Dick Haymes, Dr. Robert Wyman. *Casper,*



REPTILICUS (90 min.—Ald., 1968). Lovable aristocratic reptile puppus attacks miniature cities in midtown Boston-made monster epic from independent director, Shirley Pink, who gave *Gremlins* a run for its money effects process (Angry Red Banan!) that includes those little puppus' teeth ... and, well, big bugs! Carlito Otissoan, Ann Sommer, Norm Henrich, *Casper.*

RETURN FROM THE PAST (82 min.—American General, 1967). Starring Orson Welles as a man of mystery, this bottom-line-budgeter features a sad-looking Lois Chaffey and John Carradine along with a badly directed cast of performers appearing in several phonying horror episodes alternating candle-sets and inadequate lighting. It would be easy to pass the film further, but there's much here already done, without knowing some of the basic problems that handcap production: a) script, b) direction, c) editing, d) sets, e) art direction, f) music, which also wastes words by Hammer under pseudos of "John Elder"; set radically altered; g) probably only film in history to be made in Scope & Color for less than \$25,000 (actually, closer to \$15,000); h) most of it was shot on a 2-to-1 ratio (other parts, probably 3-to-1), Michael Hudson, Orson Welles, *Score*, *Cohen*.

RETURN OF DR. MABUSE (3½ min.—Ave., 1964). Director Harald Reinl handles it pretty much like an Edgar Wallace thriller, but that's not bad, either. Still, and gimmicky enough to hold the interest, Inspector Gert Profe, reporter Dallan Lanz and FBI man Lex Barker try to avert Mutation (produced by Press) plot to dominate the German nation by hypnotizing the staff and inmates of a local prison. Originally the 1911 German in *The Steel Hat* of Dr. Mabuse, also presented as *The Phantom Menace* (see *Return of Dr. Mabuse* (whatisit?); *Phantom Fiend*; *Jud the Fiat Vs. Dr. Mabuse*); Fausto Tazzi, Werner Peters.



RETURN OF COUNT YORGA, THE (96 min.—AIP, 1971). Essentially a remake of the 1970 Count Yorga, Vampire, directed (Bob) Katzenbach and written with far more assistance and effect. Vampire Robert Quarry sets up shop near an orphanage and soon the Vicar's daughter (Mariette Hartley) is looking rather pale. Nice balance between toague-institute, foregoons-on-neck and class swell cameras by George Macready, Roger Perry, Yvonne Wilson, Shelly Paine, Collier.

RETURN OF DR. X (92 min.—WB, 1968). Notable only as Humphrey Bogart's lone horror role—and a lackluster one at that—option of the year. No wonder we never made another one, but the B-potboiler isn't even really a sequel to the much better Dr. X. Only similarity is that Bogart's character is called Dr. Xavier, executed for murder but restored to life by idealistic doctor John (John) Hodiak; main problem is that Bogey craves human blood to stay alive. Poor makeup for Bogey, a few strong scenes, but mostly dull directed by Vincente Minnelli with perfunctory average cast. Wayne Morris, Rosemary Lane, Dennis Morgan, Huell Hall, Glen Laramie, William Hopper, Clifton Webb.



RETURN OF DRACULA (177 min.—U.S., 1957). See *The Return of Dracula*. Picnic London shifts over from being a romantic leading man of the 30s-style A&E, but makes a mighty bland Dracula in this unmemorable grade-B entry. In the late 50s monster swapstakes, Picnic's *Balkan Inferno*, the Count kills an arbutus and assumes his identity to establish a base of operations in an off-the-beaten-path Southern California setting where chances

are nobody will even notice he's peculiar. Norma Eberhard, Ray Stricklyn, Jimmie Gothic, Dr. Paul Landres.

RETURN OF GIANT MAJIN, THE (80 min.—Dets., 1966). Sequel to Majin is not much better than the original, though it's above the usual Japanese monster-giant period setting is retained and the living stone man has enough Golem-like personality to make this worth a quick look. Keiichi Hirata, Saito (II) Hori, Seiko Isomura, Den Kurosawa, Youzaku Kurada, *Color*.

RETURN OF OCTOBER, THE (185 min.—Col., 1946). Terry Moore answers her Uncle Willie has been reincarnated in the body of October, her race horse. And who's to say she's wrong? Well, her relatives, mainly, they want to have her committed. You can pretty well predict the outcome and just about everything else, too. This horse can't run, but it's pleasant enough and has a good coat. Still, it's hard to like that director Joseph H. Lewis was only a couple of years away from his film noir masterpiece, *Gun Crazy*. Glenn Ford, James Gleason, Albert Sharpe, Steve Dunne, Samuel S. Hinds, Lloyd Corrigan, Roland Winters, Byron Peuler, Horace McMahon, *Color*.

RETURN OF PETER GRIMM, THE (84 min.—RKO, 1934). Fantasy drama starring Lon Chaney more who returns from the grave and communicates with the living through a dying child to prevent his wife, Helen Mack, from marrying the new Peter. Remake of the 1926 silent managed to be diverting if not particularly compelling. Story structure and atmosphere bear strong resemblance and could almost be blueprint for better known *Barrymore* (1935) or *Born Yesterday* (1933). Edward Ellis, Donald Meek, George Brenton (child actor who was later to direct *The Master*). Dr. George Nichols, Jr.



RETURN OF THE APE MAN (60 min.—Mon., 1944). Bela Lugosi and John Carradine, in mild and sane scientific respectively, enrage a hairy prehistoric man found in the Arctic. Unusually, the prehistoric man runs amok, killing scientists and Marlene Dietrich until Bela transplants Carradine's brain into his skull, whereupon it runs amok starting spastically scattered Marlene extras until nipped out. Among the lovely moments here: a glimpse of the ape man's underwear as he climbs out a window; a scene in which he sits alone at a piano and plays the Moonlight sonata; and lots, at a cult party, remarking, "you know, some people don't believe now in God." Bela Lugosi and Fredric March are both killed as gorillas twice their size, but Zucco is only visible in one shot at the end, his entire role having been reduced with the more imposing of his expressive Moran (both reveal Zucco as an unpossessing ape man indeed). Director Phil Rosen gets the least out of the usual grubby sets, holding each shot for at least twice its optimum length. Judith Green, Michael Ames, Mary Carter.



RETURN OF THE FLY (78 min.—Fox, 1958). Low-budget sequel to *The Fly*.

picks up the now-grown son (Brett Hartney) of the original scientist in an ill-advised attempt to continue his father's experiments in matter transmission. And, evidently though it may seem, he ends up with the same slightly buggy disfigurement as his father. Vincent Price is unable to do much damage under writer-director Edward Bernds' dimmed influence, but there is one ready response to the son's desire to turn both hands and feet, Yuck! Otherwise strictly standard. David Franchot, Dan Seymour, Darrelle Detmer, John Sutton, *Scare*.

RETURN OF THE TERROR (65 min.—Fox, National, 1944). Unlikely contribution to an insane asylum for the murder of mental patients, the inventor of the Super X-Ray Machine escaped and a wave of murders follows. Entertainingly cornball trailer from an Edgar Allan Poe novel. May Astor, John Halliday, Lyle Talbot, J. Carroll Naish, Irving Pichel, Frank Reicher, Dr. Howard Bretherton.



RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE (66 min.—Col., 1943). Bela Lugosi at his most classic as "Armand Trist," the depraved Hungarian scientist, and known vampires who return to life during the London war blitz when a bomb hits his cemetery plot, resulting almost sadly in his death. The plot is simple: Bela's fiancée (Margot Hare) turns out to be Undead, inspirational vendetta has werewolf turnabout in Matt Willis getting religion, but earning useful cutlines. Lots of fun, plenty of gore and Grade-B organ music to engorge Columbia imitation of a Universal horror film. Shamelessly hokey script by Ursula and Griffith Jay, Frieda Inescort, Miles Mander, Dr. Lee Lender.

REVENGE (72 min.—ABC, 1971). Typically toothless made-for-TV suspenser with hyper performance by Shirley Winters as crazy woman who cages up innocent man thinking he wronged her daughter. Blah Blame-Winter, Bradford Ullman, Stuart Whitman, Carol Rosser, Roger Perry, Dr. Ira Taylor, *Color*.



REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE (94 min.—Col., 1958). Sequel to Hammer's groundbreaking *Curse of Frankenstein* benefits from superior screenplay, better production and filtrate performances. Peter Cushing is at the top of his form as the mad scientist Baron von Frankenstein, the Baronian and corrugate his electric work elsewhere, and Jimmy Sangster's script endows the Baron with far more wit and eccentricity than was displayed in the original. Despite its lack of hard action, this stacks up as Hammer's most intelligent Frankenstein film to date, and given the quality of recent *Frankenstein* remakes since Hammer's founder, James Whale, died in 1958, it's a must-see. Hammer's direction is, as ever, unadventurous but slide. Eunice Gayson, Frances Matthews, Michael Rennie, as the Monster, *Color*.

REVENGE OF THE CREATURE (62 min.—U.S., 1955). The further adventures of the Gill man in the strange climates of Ocean Harbor, Florida, far from the briny depths of the Black Lagoon. Luckily director Jack

gold is still an easy to realize some strength would seem out of a very thin script which has the captive Creature put on public exhibition until the mandatory escape and revenge. One of the last 3-D films of the 50s with a strong thread of twisted eroticism (check the Creature's horny gathering in the watchful Lori Nelson through a window), not to mention a very young Clint Eastwood in his first role as a scientist, strikingly photographed foodie dinner, too, but if you don't mind's contribution to this series, just remember the last film in the Arnold Creature epic, THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US, John Avari, John Goodman, Ricce Browning (quite expressive inside the Creature's costume).

REVENGE OF THE ZOMBIES (60 min. - Memo - 1943). Never an outfit can miss out on a good thing. Monogram walked only two years to remake its own **KING OF THE ZOMBIES**, adding the topical gimmick of making the mad doctor a Nazi with a zombie wife and retaining, thankfully all, of Maxie Morland's "feet-dan-fall-one-now" stuff. Alas, "it" was an improvement too, but sans sexiness that direction keeps it all on sub-cultural level somewhat below that of its predecessor, still, if you want zombies, this delivers. John Carradine, Gale Sonder, Robert Lowery, Bob Steele.

REVOLT OF THE ZOMBIES (16 min.—
AOL.com) — In this “zombie romper-
tude,” the undead stalked species of
their classical only-one-of-them-were WHITE
ZOMBIE, but here the returns are strictly
the new, such as dead-in-beauty star
Carmen, and tales to assemble a zombie
army, perhaps an improvement on the
original. The film is dark, gory, and
would be weirdly atmospheric, but
otherwise unwatchable. Dorothy Stone, Roy
Cherry, George Chevalier, Teru Nishimura,
D. Major Hargrove,

RICHARD (82 min.)—Avocia Picture Group, 1972). Given its subject, this written but occasionally narrated, fastidiously documentary "expose" of former prostitute Richard Minhouse Nixon, who's hardly to show up on TV very often, but it might peg up or catch some day. Using his own words and those of his many former clients, featuring Nixon's physician Richard M. Chacko, it traces the understandably incredible career of our most recent ex-president with a combination of inventive wit and ruthless detail. Highlight is a "Clockwork Orange" parody in which scientist Kevin McCarthy, Paul Ford and Vivian Blaine force Nixon to sit through Marlon Brando's take on the "Ape Moon," who can't kiss babies without reaching. John Carradine has another total surgeon art and Mickey Rooney shows up briefly as a guardian angel, but you suffer from indecisive editing and often inappropriate by ascribing Lorenzen's Verity [projectionist director Harry Herwitz, called in to read production to help, is apparently responsible for most of the better stuff], mystery or investigation, though. Color.

RICHARD III (158 min.—Lopert, 1955). Laurence Olivier directs and stars in the definitive 1955 version of Shakespeare's *Crookback Chronicle*, which actually had its American premiere in 1952. TV's special. Not to be confused with *Richard III* (1932), with Sir Henry H. Bessie as Richard. *V.I.* *W.E.* *Tower of London* (the latter's cover shows the way Marlowe appeared in the film, by the way), but Sir Laurence's performance is formidable enough to carry the static spots. Plenty of swell murders, intrigues and madness; that Shakespeare fellow sure knew what he liked to see. Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Claire Bloom, Cedric Hardwicke, Rumbita Brown. Color.

RIDE 'EM COWBOY (16 min., -July, 1942). Abbott & Costello ride the range in one of their better vehicles, which benefits from the pervasive Western ambience provided by Universal, one of the most prolific studios in Hollywood. The boys make typical pratfalls, and there's plenty of good-natured, good-humored ribbing. The gags are well-constructed, and the action sequences are well-choreographed. The routine is a bit long, but the sight gags are welcome and glad and Leo Reddick yet lost his early exuberance. Unfortunately, director Arthur Lubin's uncertain comedy sense ruins the best routine, a classic vaudeville crazy-house bit, which is enlivened by humor when presented as a dream sequence.

Dick Faran, Johnny Mack Brown, Ann Gwynn, Samuel S. Hinds, Douglas Dumbrille, Morris Rossum, Charles Lane, Eli Fitzgerald.

RIDERS TO THE STARS (81 min.—U.S., 1954).—Richard C森顿 directs and plays a supporting role in a series of offhandly interesting space flight sagas tracing flight effects of spaceships equipped with telepathic weapons to capture material for scientific study. Curt Siodmak's script comes briefly for semi-dramatic believability, good photography by the uncredited Stanley Cortez, William Lundigan, Martha Hyer, Herbert Marshall, Daniel Adams. *Kino International, Color.*

RIGHT HAND OF THE DEVIL (72 min—Cinema Video, 1963). No devil, no monsters, no suspense, just bad acting and shoddy production in routine story of girl bringing herself on gangster. Aileen Kishler, Lisa McDonald. Read *Time-Hall*.

RING OF TERROR (7) 1960—A doctor, 1960. Courageous student at Southern medical college must steal surgeon's ring as part of fraternity initiation. Director Clark Paylow's name indicates general production values, p/c his bimbos but does have distinct semi-pro quality, introduced by Laser Sankin-Lee cemetery keeper in footage that appears to have been added to a score; what older film, George Mather, Samson Furst, Austin Pendleton.

RITUAL OF EVIL (97 min.)—Lionsgate—\$16.98. 35691. Linda Cardellini as a psychiatrist-turned-murder hunter in TV movie sequel to equally mephitic **FEAR NO MORE**, that doesn't even attain routine quality of the original. Investigating the mysterious death of a young actress, Jordan encounters modern witchcraft and black magic. So what's new? Kick-off direction by Robby Ross Jr., whose earlier work was far better. Anne Heche, Diana Rigg, John McMartin, **WHITE HYDE-White, Color.**

One of the better Road pictures has Hope and Crosby as vagabonds turned deep sea divers hired to recover sunken treasure. Fast and, more often than not, funny, with guard schoolboy, love-stricken parrot, erupting volcano and the usual add-ons to the audience. (Long before TOM JONES did it and won an Oscar, plus the title role, in 1963.) Starring Martin L. Rosen, Bill Crater and Humphrey Bogart in a clip from THE AFRICAN QUEEN. Dorothy Lamour, Muriel Vye, Peter Cox, Dita, Hal Walker. Only Road picture in Color.

ROAD TO HONG KONG, THE (151 min.—USA, 1962). Last (Burt Lancaster) entry in the series has a few good gigs, but the biffing and putting is a lot more obvious than Bells and Ding shade duels by Robert Mitchum who won't soon forget Lancaster reinvigorated by Hope. Mesh shirt styled as Chinese takes place on the Islands. Peter Sellers shows off unadvised art of his double role. Joan Collins, Walter Gorden, Dorothy Lamour, Dick Norman.

ROAD TO UTOPIA (35 min.—Par., 1945). Probably the best Real film; everything fits into the story. Very good. Directed by George Cukor, to whom it's right in the Klimtian style now. Bright script, brisk direction by Ed Weary and classic production reads. A Treaty, imaginative film, with appropriate atmosphere. Sponsored by the great Robert Benchley, Dorothy Lamour, Hillary Brooke, Douglas Fairbanks.

ROBOT MONSTER (63 min—Autor, 1953). It's a banal set of robot ideas that makes all

These *Holiday* short, something to look forward to for (or who are part of CCR, anyway). Certainly among the best recent movies ever made, this ridiculous gem presents as economic a space invasion as ever committed to film screen. (11) *Re-Boot*: Another consisting of (a) a game (Brett), (B) a device (laptop) with a set of antennae, (C) the cast in one of the more familiar Hollywood巢es with this entire terrestrial bubble machine (and, we're not so certain, it really is a game). (12) *TV*: *Family Guy* meets *Family Ties* in a small kitchen (John Goodman, Lawrence Welk, Michael Richards, Ted Marinelli, Tom Selleck, and Fred Willard) romping Jefferson.

earth and thus make the planet safe for colonization by man. [From the planet *Ran-*
-*man*, where else?]. Early 3-D effort has retained legendary (truly deserved) status as one of the most imaginative of all movies ever made. It's a real cult classic, though it's been tortured some (not without reason) as a child's-eye movie fantasy (it's still a dream experienced by a disillusioned 60s tyke). Roaring music score by Elmer Bernstein is great and keeps it all moving. Clocks in three minutes and half by R.L. Stine, who also did the title novella and equally foistering Lenny Bruce vehicle, *DANCE HALL RACKET*. George Nader, Claude Jarman, Jack Mylson, Salma Hayek,

ROBOT VS. THE AZTEC MUMMY, THE 185-mm.—Young America, 1963. Adding little to the uninteresting ranks of science-fiction thrillers, this offering from Michael Morris is a tame, silent movie. A robot, it says here, has a human brain, used by an unscrupulous scientist to locate an ancient Aztec tomb guarded by... (you guessed it)—the Aztec Mummy. Mexico's answer to the heartbeats of pacifiers. View at your own risk: nothing kills the brain cells faster than Mexican horror movies. Marion Guy, Rosita Arenas, Chico Stevens. Dir.: Rafael Martínez.

ROCKET ATTACK U.S.A. (TV) (1962-64) - BRENDA BREWER, ROBERT CULP, RICHARD KIEL, ROBERT MONTGOMERY, ROBERT WAGNER, ROBERT WILSON. **Spectator King** Barry Munro (The Beast That Haunted Women) turns his heavy hand to the themes with some dated sex and mind-bogglng melodic sequences involving US agents in Moscow mainly trying to keep the Russians from launching atomic rockets at America. Lacks the verve of your co-ops' barbezzah romances and isn't well acted. Monica Davis, John McKay, Edward Crossick.

ROCKET FROM GALABUCH, A (90 min.) - Trans-Lux, 1956). Spanish director Luis Buñuel, whose 1963 black comedy **NOT ON YOUR LIFE** (about an assassin) should have made him an important international talent, is in even ruder, contemptuous mode with this queer comic study of a galloping eccentric scientist (Zerman Gowen), who has built a rocket ship and is determined to attack his native savage village disguised as a hermit until his identity is exposed. Only marginally so, if that, but, frankly, who cares? Valente, Cortese, Prunier, Fabián, José Iturbi.

ROCKET MAN (75 min.—Fox, 1964). Pleasant science-fiction fantasy, co-scripted by Lesser Bruce, no less. Little old George Montowt encounters friendly alien who gives him ray gun that forces targets to tell the truth, clean up town's crooked politics. Charles Coburn, John Agar, Beverly Garland, Stanley Clemente, Alan Funtchess.

ROCKETSHIP X-M (70 min.)—Lopert, 1960. Finally stranded at a strip-off of George Pele's DESTINATION MOON, this low-budget ad-astray, (produced afterwards, released first) stands up as far more imaginative and entertaining than its science-fiction-bound title. Scientifically inaccurate, it is all the same, even so. There, give or take, is the plot: the earth, once a lush green planet, has left the stage of more expensive epic. The rocket crew (including woman scientist) land on an atmospheric asteroid for the moon but, knocked off course, lands on atomic-wrecked Mars. Eventually they find Mars (now the barren Sunia, C. J. LEAVITT & MARY HARRIS). The Great Wall of China (1960) is a better film. Fred Frazee, Jr., stars, probably Hunt Hemmings' (THE RYL) best directing job. Morris Arkin's final film, silent close-up, as he learns the fate of the protagonists, is one of the most moving bits of this picture (it's actually hard holding back the tears). The blinds even on regarding the scenes). Fine performances, especially by June Limony, by Lloyd Bridges,

One Mission, Noah Beery Jr., Hugh O'Brien. Original print has tinted Mars sequences.

ROCKET TO NOWHERE (79 min.—Borden, 1957). Welsh Czechoslovakian juvenile fantasy by Jindrich Polak, later to make the excellent **PLANET X-1** (outskirts of which was mimicked here as **Voyage to the End of the Universe** in 1966). A small city is evacuated because of a strange rocketlike creature in the sky. Alone in the city, Clove Pfeffer and three children are kidnapped by Joseph, the shop's amiable robot pilot, interesting costumer Vlastek, Eva Hrabecova, Maria Bor.

ROCKET TO THE MOON — See **Cat. Women of the Moon**.

ROCKINGHORSE WINNER, THE (91 min.—U.S., 1949). D.H. Lawrence's tale about youngster (John Howard Davies) with power to pick winning racehorses while riding his boy-necking horse, suddenly transformed into aging, dramatic character by writer-director Alfred Hitchcock. Hitchcock's direction fluffs the plot baggage; more than sustained grotesquerie with chilling endings. Excellent performances. Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Rosalie Riga.

ROGAN (79 min.—OCA/Univ. Bros., 1956). Grotesque pharaoth-like necromantic Hatchi of an egg hatched in a Ryukyu Island undersea cave, who has traveled all over Japan. Finally given his last wish, he uses the grand finale, the monster, thirty-five super-sonic speed, destroys buildings, gobs parties and torti yakuzza joints with the acuity of a basic wind hitting matchsticks. The cast has little to do beyond the usual displays of shock and disbelief. Through low-key industrial drama/psych, it's the acid to depth, repulsion to comedy, and all other horrors—military effects, etc.—that takes all credits for a grand display (photographic effects by the remarkable Eiji Tsubaraya). Kensi Sevara, Yumi Shiraishi, Asahiko Hirata, others. Dir.: Koushiro Honda, Color.

ROMAN SCANDALS (55 min.—U.S., 1933). Excellent Eddie Cantor comedy-fantasy (perhaps his best film), surrounded by brilliant Ruby Stolee production numbers, including a very young Lucille Ball. Young Man Eddie escapes from a Roman camp, accompanied with a fine cast including Shakespearean-style delivery in a semi-Hamletogenic Marx Bros. atmosphere. Everything that nearly all Jerry Lewis comedies should've been. Probably only Ken Russell, Mel Brooks and, maybe, Woody Allen are among those who might carry something like this off today. David Manners, Gloria Stuart, Alan Mowbray, Ruth Etting, Veree Teasdale, etc. From Tuttis.

ROGGER'S BUMP (73 min.—Rep., 1954). Minor waddie (Tutty), boy baseball fan grows muscle bump that enables him to become big league pitcher. Okay for under-10 set, otherwise...

was deadly. Robert Mantell, Ruth Warrick, Otto Biscayne, Robert F. Simon, Ray Campion, Broccoli Clodfod, etc. Herd Young, who hasn't improved substantially since his Universal programmer days.

ROOM TO LET (84 min.—Vox-TV, 1950). Early Hammer period suspense set in 1800 London. Aging reporter narrates flashback story of how he discovered Jack the Ripper living in a crippled woman's upstairs flat. Creaky atmosphere in the most venerable Hammer tradition, but atmospheric and technically remarkable. Constance Smith, Jimmy Hanley, Valentine Davies, Charles Hawtrey, etc. Director Grayson.

ROSEMARY'S BABY (136 min.—Par., 1968). Although the plot is tattered down somewhat, Rosemary's Wharton-like vision of the evil liaison of modern witchcraft. New York is still smooth, chilling and highly satisfying material. Remarkable casting in every role. Indeed, each and every performance is a standout (with the exception of John Cassavetes in an admittedly difficult role which nevertheless defeats him). Rarely with such classics of social and invasion films as **The BODY SNATCHERS** or **THE WIDOW**, such faith in its power to unnerve, seduce and entice, as end-impassable padding. Pike, who has Farrow become pregnant after a bizarre night-mare and begins to suspect kindly next-door neighbors Ruth Gordon and Sidney Blackmer of plotting something horrible involving her unborn child. And who, you might wonder, produced this instant classic? None other than William Castle, who's more than once become a sort of legend for his *House on Haunted Hill* (all right, so he did do for his first film, *Mark of the Whistler*, the N.Y. Film Critics' Award in 1948), and was co-producer of Orson Welles' classic *The Lady From Shanghai* to William, nevertheless, reduces himself ten times over for perpetuating things

RULING CLASS, THE (130 min.—Rep., 1972). Some interesting moments manage to seep through the botched film version of Peter Berney's black comic fantasy glib design hopelessly incompetent direction by Peter Madajic.

who consistently presents each sequence of action-and/or performance from the point of possible angle, seems to clear-up when people dance and kiss shots when they replace narration. Nifty mismatch: Peter O'Toole in his last film, until "cured" by another lunatic (Piggy Green's last role might have been his greatest)—but he's dubbed by someone else) who must be God, since he abhors frightening them. In *Timber*, Groucho comes to the realization he's really just a Rightist and has a nice visit to a House of Lords populated by decomposing politicians. Had potential for superb satire, with first-rate comic cast and frequently witty screenplay including impromptu songs and dances, but comes off as an increasingly desperate storage of tricks and gimmicks which eventually drains audience interest dry. Arthur Lowe steals what there is to take. Alastair Sim, Coral Browne, James Villiers, Harry Andrews. Color.

RUN FOR THE HILLS (87 min.—Reistant, 1939). Oscuro entry in the eternal war interpreted has Savvy Beeching variation on "The Body Snatcher." The woman (she) finds in its power to unnerve, seduce and entice, as end-impassable padding. Pike, who has Farrow become pregnant after a bizarre night-mare and begins to suspect kindly next-door neighbors Ruth Gordon and Sidney Blackmer of plotting something horrible involving her unborn child. And who, you might wonder, produced this instant classic? None other than William Castle, who's more than once become a sort of legend for his *House on Haunted Hill* (all right, so he did do for his first film, *Mark of the Whistler*, the N.Y. Film Critics' Award in 1948), and was co-producer of Orson Welles' classic *The Lady From Shanghai* to William, nevertheless, reduces himself ten times over for perpetuating things

RUN FOR THE SUN (56 min.—UA, 1956). Big-budget Ray Bradbury variation on "The Most Dangerous Game" had potential for a super-chiller-thriller, especially with Bouting and Dudley Nichols (*Stagecoach*) credited with the script. Unfortunately the resulting film is just not that kind on thrill. The story seems overextended and the terrible narrative seems to be Richard Connell's original story largely missing. The central character, a British officer held captive in Yachta to escape punishment for WW II Nazi collaboration, under Richard Hillman and reporter Jane Foster stalk herd in the vicinity and end up being hunted like animals. Nice scenery, middling entertainment value. Peter Van Eyck, Juan Garcia. Supernope 235, Color.





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Well, the word among the Hollywood people seems to be that Heath on THE EXERCISES. Most of them came down hard on it as a stiff, east-coastative poneurotic film with absolutely "no redeeming features at all." Still, it is the most heart-filling film over model, but partly on a surface level. Why Friedman began making a film to impress ex-dictators and he succeeded. Like ZARDOZ, it is a director's film in that the characters count almost for nothing, providing a backdrop for Linda Blair and Terence McGovern's frantic, stylized, acrobatic performances. The best moments in THE EXERCISES MUST CATCH UP WITH THE girl who is frighteningly and oyally perverse.

www.elsevier.com/locate/jmp

One CTR – about ZARDOZ
I first saw this film in 1974, at a double feature presentation, preceded by the equally bizarre *Death Race 2050*. After a few hours of serious threats, the last screen in our little cinema arrived at the same terrible note. Most of the post-war science-fiction, involving THE BODY SNATCHERS, THIS THING, WAR OF THE WORLDS, etc., are not nearly as bad as *Zarodz*, but science-fictional, the *Zarodz* has probably realized, that you can't accept (or understand) anything as it comes from the screen. But in 1974, I was young, and I was still a bit of a weirdo, but I believe that *Zarodz*'s most remarkable feature has been vastly overrated. Its special effects are wonderfully appalled, but are also cold and dense, a mere display of technical skill. The film's individual and thematic ambiguity (though the average home-goer, perhaps, is regurgitating "It's the heart of the film!" without any thought...) is also, I think, a cancer making a free-for-all for the validity of the screen there, but it only shows I seem a director who had a budgeted a killer special effect, and stuck at exactly as in *2001*.

General S.H.I.E.L.D. (mostly English, anyway) only once. The Human Cannon, Doctor Haslett ("Demon With A Glass Hand") episode of THE DANE (R-1970) MURK (seemingly a brilliant installment of what would have been a brilliant series if it had been allowed to continue past the first 12 episodes).
LOLA, ZARDOZ (titles vary; very close to being my #1 fav., far & away best, though becoming more exciting than 2004). That ZARDOZ appears to have faced commercially only points out a sad truth: lack of face, the average moviegoer is a basic who wouldn't recognize a genuine, genuinely intriguing character if it married his shirt. I mean, I know that, for starters, its reserve and similar people are vastly different experiences, crucial to their ability to perceive and appreciate things beyond the range of what Elstern has called "The Great Unwashed." And so ZARDOZ is ignored, just as America ignores THE PRISONER, THE AVENGERS, OUTER LIMITS, etc., etc.

High. — Boorman has crafted a film that exists on multiple levels. It is about as many very real issues, as many ironies, ambivalence, and, most importantly, biting allegory: the ineffectual but ineffectual *Charm*, the *Impalers*, the *Apologists*; the disengaged *Rebels*; those that fragmented society scared *Fearless*? An act of genius here for John Alderton, interviewee as Friend, and even better as Waterson the cheafster on PBS' superb *"Upstart Downstart"* series). And the visual? Zestful, multi-layered, the visual freedom of the camera, the childlike elation of gazing and ruminating from the great idiosyncratic mouth, the maniacs head bobbing. Macbeth-like *Boris*, the all, the *please*

beauty of the Exterminators in battle dress, and the raw potency of Sean Connery's Zed, that most abhorrent of Chirrupian Elements. In all, a great film. The mainstream critics and global orientations may not have sensed enough to do so. But I sincerely thank John Goodman for a judicious role choice.

Woody Allen's *SLEEPER* is a joy, certainly the most intelligent and orderly of his films, and the first that he is willing to share with somebody else: the beautiful, gifted and kooky Diane Keaton. Allen's ambitions are clever (the *Citizen Kane*, the mysterious universe that prefigures instant Higgs), the very Jewish robot cleaners, and the road dog, "Hellow, I am Higgs, I am Higgs." All the characters are here: the simple Miss Bell (all over again); the dim-witted, bumbling waiter (superb); half of Allen's usual self-identification as a man with an itchy scalp; and the confused and hopeless life of urban society. Definitely *Loving* a *Science Fiction* book, too.

I was pleased to see the mention of LA-POUPEE and Zyklonite Carburetor. I need this same item in a (fusibleable) substituted version of Ammonium Bounding ACIDS AND DIAMONDS, and found two, more effective in the insulation role than polybutene James Dept

The average number of East Asian immigrants to Canada has been increasing.

oversee sales, marketing, and distribution. It's a good idea for people to understand things like the amount of advertising money earned by book and bridges. Sales, it's a bluce and it doesn't sell well, but it's still the title of no. one book at all. Publishing [Fiction] sell you with a financial blurb, and helps economics dictate lots of different titles. Creative titles are better than real, though. The big talked about a stamp now is what's been issued. The new stamp is for the 40th anniversary. It's very interesting industry domination, and most of the big titles are in great shape—titles to look like *Dragon*, *Conway*, *Waltz*, *Amber*, *Steel*, *Castley*, *J.*, and *Sophie*. *Dickens*, *Oliver*, etc. Contrary to what *Sylvie* *Edithson*, "Prayer of Cracula" is out on March 1st. *James*, "Woldman" is coming up with vastly interesting and other variations on what's been done to death. *James* is a good example. And it's typical. *Brooks Atkinson*, *Conrad*, and *It* typical. *Brooks* is like *It*—it's based on the same old *Goosebumps* stories, but it always has something, and *It* can become one of *Stephen King's* most powerful

In addition, the recently-released *Mario James Estrada: A History of Underground Comics*, \$18.95, profusely illustrated and perspective-written paperback from straight Arrow Books (www.straightarrowbooks.com).

Dave Hayes, 8100 Cypress St. (No. 80), Metairie, La. 70003.

—**THE BAPTIST**, ZARDOZ can be seen among tribal tents and reveal new insights. Among profane things, however, is *Zarodoz*, who sees both corners only cause us trouble, does his best and then... *“I am your grave digger”*. — Most problems of the tribal members have power. It shows us clearly no confrontation, no spreading themselves out... nor this, added by the so-called Council Code that guarantees these zones, not to mention divine privilege, zones and special districts for primitive. Because *“the greatest propagandists circulated by their representatives, they were, in part, responsible for making the Underground Court’s movement, The Supreme Court’s never anti-churchy decisions, of course, helped to drive the debate into the Undergrounder’s outfit, with all their self-indulgence (much of it childish when not downright awful), the Underground actually posed a serious threat to Establishment prohibitions, as they did to keep it, they had the handwriting on various walls, even if most of it did remain*

the profit...—surprisingly, there are often solid gains amid the sharpness, but at take an average of 3 to 5 weeks minimum to create a good issue, about 3-4 weeks for a routine job, and 10 to 2 weeks for the exp. Hardly any talented artist seems to far more than a few issues, though—general conditions, audience and pressures on Magile, aren't too conducive to creativity these days. In short, it's not only Mag. Art but everywhere—the disease is called "comprehensive" extravagance, an epidemic down-grade whose pressure is giving all those underneath the bends. Not a few giant businesses have already crumbled because of this willow in the past year or two, others are now feeling tremors or starting to flaccid. All because of the long-held myth that Begett desired by recruitment. But in having virtually destroyed the importance of free individuality, of small activities (e.g., Free Enterprise), we are now on the first leg of an environmental and economic nightmare that will be gigantically replicated to make The publishers monopsonistic, of course, and publishers coopted with the dubious [inability, around 33% of all national sales] saturated by our government officially. As we both seem to agree, ZARTOZ is also great for forecasting a kind of "future" that could be a repeat extension of 1974.—C.Y.

JOHANNES HANSE

When I went to almost whollyheartedly's
office, stepped up against a mystery of flows
ground and the sky, the Harry, when an-
nounced it was worth the price of admission
—and told me? Forget Bressler's address not
the first direction for a moment, my friend, just
remember this: there were two few men in
history who took their books to as much
of such for entertainment as does Harry.
All that most audiences can easily
comprehend are some moments of unassisted
fantasy, mystery and such like book great,
but completely fail to appreciate what an
aging, killer of it job it is to carry it out, not
only for Bressler but for his several
very stiff associates who do not everything
to the last detail. — Yes, I know all about it
and had seen the film twice before we gave it
a spread to Col. When I heard that Bressler
was the director, I was appalled; my nega-
tion was re-enforced upon seeing the film. I

didn't even have the heart to mention Hitler's name when Charles Schawer was present at the screening, partly out of sympathy. But until Hitler is unscrupulous or obnoxious or immature to everyone, I'd never preface anyone's future career; it would be grossly unfair to do so.—CTB.

THE MATHEWS REPORT

Dear CTB: —I am eagerly looking forward to the time you do a special issue on Hammer, including an overall review checklist of their films. Also sorely needed is an in-depth study of DEAD OF NIGHT, the granddaddy of horror-comedy-type films. Same for NIGHT TOWARD DAY (1945) and, about this great Toomer film, on page 25 of Gifford's "Historical History of Horror Movies" is a quote from the author: "This is one of the spiciest, funniest, most original and most animated—yes, you could say 'hilarious'—films ever made."

(Excessive, may still confuse "hilarious" with "excessive"; both terms apply to the same stereotypical excess, but the first implication applies to "hilarious" dinners, the more definitive of cheap-schlock films by far.)

The new book on Hammer's history is indeed worth the price. I am also interested in John Chamberlain's book on Hammer, which includes work on Hammer's THE HOUSE OF ADORNMENT (1946, RKO, 1956), in which Terence Castle, Kirk Douglas, Bert Lancaster, Robert Mitchum and Paulette Goddard appeared disguised as Chamberlain's minister apprentices. Chamberlain—great fun, an enjoy-

able film, though not a classic. As for Hammer's THE HOUSE OF HORROR (1945), I am the subject of making fun of it, but it's a classic, possibly parodied to me malice, of the 40s in the field [what] it had to offer for dovetailing pleasure! It has only four fingers on its left hand, and all these fingers are digging holes up to the wrist!

Mr. Chamberlain has done him well with LAMPS AND SHADOWS, though he seems to be overlooking his best work, especially his contract Woody has with 20th. Let us hope

Mr. Chamberlain has the interest of 20th, so he can continue to do justice to what's there. PSYCHO (Universal/MCA/Paramount) has been released for 10 years now, nearly 20 years and I still totally loved it by Hitchcock himself, though it's not perfect. Perfected by the filmists of the 80s, it's still a masterpiece that could ever know about the art of film. The most comprehensive study I have seen is Peter Hirschman's "Psychosis to PSYCHO" (Indiana University Press). It's wonderfully done (to list price of \$3.75, another complete filmography, it contains a lifetime of Hitch's cinematic efforts for just two TV series, LA THUNDER and LA GUN, and a few other films, including well too good, THE REVENGE OF THE SPIDER (1965) and THE SPIDER ILLUSTRATE. Imagine what he would do with 20th's Hammer's THE HOUSE ON THE STRAND...—J.W.

Speaking of Hitchcock, I hope a lot of people caught an amateur film based on the PBS series entitled SUSPENSION: A TRIBUTE TO ALFRED HITCHCOCK. Filmed in black and white 35mm, it is a brilliant, yet bizarrely funny, exercise on the life and death of Hitchcock's classic scenes and set pieces from PSYCHO, NORTH BY NORTHEAST, THE BIRDS, THE 39 STEPS, STAND BACK FROM A TRAIN, SUSPICION, THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH and many others. A masterpiece of amateur filmmaking and an obvious labor-of-love. Look it up.

As a final note, I'd like to thank Mr. Alan Parker for his tribute to Hitchcock. Mr. William H. Daniels, Mr. Daniels' estranged estranged son, who owns one of the most valuable film collections in the world, and a coil contributor as well (Coff 16, an incredibly good issue), does an excellent job on Hitchcock's career (he's not new). Tom Gill who did the original "Home Range" songs (and lyrics) and the spider art sequences, a spoken prologue of some kind by Schlesinger and/or O'Brien, I've never heard anything like this, have you?

Among notable critics/film collectors, I heard that Mrs. Terrie has perhaps the largest one in the USA, outside of movie studios. I also heard that he owns a pre-release print of KING KONG featuring, outside of the usual canister copies (and the spider art sequences), a spoken prologue of some kind by Schlesinger and/or O'Brien. I've never heard anything like this, have you?

A small plus to Coff would be coverage on TV series like THE AVENGERS, THE PRISONER (and other ITC series) and THE TWILIGHT ZONE; checklists on AVENGERS and TWILIGHT would be absolutely sensational. Robert Fuest (THE ABOMINABLE DR. PHIBES), one of England's best directors, did some fantastic work for AVENGERS and was even better when Brian Clemens (the show's executive producer) wrote the teleplays.

THE NAME OF THE GAME, in my humble opinion the best and most versatile series Universal ever produced, gets as some attention, Ham-fest, occult and oft-epicenes. The most memorable year, I suppose, entitled "Los Angeles 1938" (1967) and featuring Gene Barry (one of the last links to an unimportant 1940s and a timeless classic) and, on a related level, the superbly directed (by Stephen Sondheim) PRETEND IT NEVER HAPPENED (1968).

I recently read an issue of Italian magazine FILM by RUMILO (GIGLIO, SICILIAN COOP. FILMUTRE), which translates as *Kung Fu* (Sicily With Fury). I hope this is correct.

John Maltese, 266 Berkeley Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11262.

THE PRISONER & OTHERS

Dear CTB: —I really enjoyed your EXHIBITS article in Coff 26, though I wish you had also mentioned the 1967 film version of THE PRISONER, which I think remains superior to the TV series.

Question: Whomsoever suggested to you this promised article on THE PRISONER? I am honored and gratified to receive the compliment, but I must say that, as I remember, has been one of the few great ones, otherwise Third World. How about an article on 50 FIFTY-EIGHTY (1968), the Bakshi/Polya, and the 1970s cult classic? I am sure that the Director (I am assuming) of INTERREGALIA (INTERREGALIA, 1968) has written a good article on the topic. The Director (I am assuming) of INTERREGALIA (INTERREGALIA, 1968) has written a good article on the topic. The Director (I am assuming) of INTERREGALIA (INTERREGALIA, 1968) has written a good article on the topic.

What has Judd Nelson been up to? I have seen him since EL TOPO? There's a Spanish term, VERDAD, which seems to have become quite astir in France/Reich. Know anything about it? Also, I would read that there is a new version of GENE AUTRY out, THE CHAMPION, starring Peter Fonda. Any info about it?

John Markmanstein, 2246 9th St. SE, Atlanta, NY 11262.

—I myself feature an effort THIS PROUD DAY, but I am definitely stalled, perhaps as of yesterday, 26 or 27 (out around the beginning March/April). Research available and resources permitting, I may also attempt a comprehensive study on Mr. Marston, perhaps one of the last-revered and long-neglected great talents of our time. —Hitchcock's "Agent" is, I believe, THE MAGDEBOURGIAN, released in late '70 to do as good on very low-budget enterprises (mostly "dark/light" type shorties). —Coff's critical intelligence dept., or Madoff, is still checking out PERIOD (Poor Dad, Where Have You Gone? The Coast Is Clear) as far as (7) goes, but no info.

—The twin adaptation of Grahame's THE WIND IN THE WILLows (1973) is co-starring Robert Redford, Lee Grant, Rade Drago, Karen Scott, Jeff Daniels, Jason Alexander and Peter O'Toole. The story, social relevance, dependence, etc., while commendable, will probably bog down to cost expenses, and it will almost certainly be a boxoffice bomb. Freely it is an interesting socio-critical but inexplicably flawed. It's also been on TV.—CTB.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO ALLISON-HAYES?

Dear CTB: —Of all the coverage that has been given to horror film stars, why has none ever been given to my favorite Queen of Horror Fiction, Allison Hayes. I realize that her films were, in most cases, on a low-budget scale, but she nevertheless always played the villainess. But to me she remained a classic. I liked the way Helen Archer did in the 40s and Fay Wray in the 30s. Surely she can be remembered in the title role in ATTACK OF THE 30 FOOT WOMAN (1958); as the evil sorceress in THE UNDERWORLD (1956); and in THE DISMEMBERED (1958). She was also in ZOMBIES OF MARS (1957). She was

THE UNEARTHLY (1957) which also featured John Carradine and the late John Wayne, and in THE HYPONOTIC EYE (1960).

Not only would I like to know what became of her career, but do believe that you should do a special feature on her. It would be most appreciated.

Sgt. Stephen Petrucci, 6814-46-5878, 77th MP Det., AFM NY, 10262.

—Alphonse's done more TV work in the 1960s, appearing at times as a guest star, but mostly in small supporting roles. I think he was granted a few lines on TV between '79 to '82, other than that... I April. However, she more deserved coverage—as soon as we track down someone who can do justice on her.—CTB.

CD-MIC BDD HS

Dear CTB: —I'm now 24 and stopped reading comic books seriously at about 14, but there have been two things which have attracted me: 1) the comic strip "The Shadow" (scripted by Philip K. Dick, art by Steve Ditko); 2) the comic strip "The Spirit" (scripted by Will Eisner, art by Steve Ditko). A refreshing mix in comparison, the former has some elements of the old "Western" style and the latter wills perfectly into another form, with visual artwork that matches the tone of the strip perfectly. "The Spirit," not a comic strip, but still something! Script reprints of the 40s... Will Eisner is the editor-in-chief of the comic strip "The Spirit" which was created, published and distributed by DC Comics. I think some of the world's best comic book newspaper comic strips (such as Li'l Abner from U.S.A. But I have claimed his excellent character, Deafy Colvin, which I didn't know I had until now).

Paul W. Neumann, 66 W 47th St. Ste. 8a, NYC, NY 10019.

—Universally, I assume Roger does The Shadow (though Robbie is sort of universal). Mike Cariello is doing it. A long, crazy comic—and should be written along the lines of Kirby's American, one of the greatest of Kirby's work, but not sold at comic book stores as originally written by DC (or sold as comic book art). Robbie is no, The Spirit is the best comic book I have acquired in 20 years as a comic book collector.—CTB.

Dear CTB: —In the three months Coff the bourgeois has, you've provided yourself way ahead of the pack (your alleged "tiny")... it's not funny. I like the way you're a bit off-center in your commentaries, though. These are still a few good ones around, like Marston's "Captain Marvel" (with Starrett's "mystic" art), "Dr. Strangelove" (with the great art), and with Spielberg's "Empire" art), private comic issues of "Man-Thing" (from Jim Krueger's comic book art), the return of Howard the Duck... I never expected to see anything like him in an above-ground comic. DC's "Shadow" is beautiful, excelled, easily by远超 "Conan" and loads of early "Swamp Thing." Sadie, it looks like both have less than halfway of "Conan" left. "Shazzam!" is won Wrightson and Bob Peak art.

Rick Livemore, 809 Park Rd., Garden City, Kansas, 67844.

Dear CTB: —Rather than wasting time and space on reviewing commercial comics, lend coverage to the few mighty titles, cover the few undergrounds just in those by Bodo, Zinck, etc., have reviews of books like "Moby-Dick" and "Gulliver's Travels." Stories like "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Alice's Adventures Through Looking Glass" are directly related to classics and should eat some recognition. This should be a regular feature in Coff, and it could do without reviews of the latest of DC's or Marvel's crud.

Tony Abbott, 305 Montevideo Dr., Menifee, Pa. 15146.

THE LIST OF ADRIANA: MESSENGER

Dear CTB: —It's been a great year for Horner. Number one of the season was the Watergate (which I liked, albeit more mopey, See, Sam Ervin reciting his speech). See, Sam's kickin' ass as he went for the kill. John Goodman and the immortal line, "Let me have them and heat slowly, slowly, like the wind." Herbert Kretzmer, the original wide-eyed kidnapper, carrying thousands of dollars in safe

marked small bills, and trying to figure out what could be wrong in that. John Cleese's excuse for putting his hand in the cookie jar, Mr. Howard Hunt, promoted to best-seller, and accused by Gore Vidal of robbing both *President Nixon* and *The War of the Worlds*—no boy—it was a movie, who'd believe it? The breathtaking suspense of the Cook Biring and certain deliciously supernatural elements—Rosemary Wood's baby, and the shape-shifting General Cagney speak about. They should have called it in an exorcist, because Nixon's creation negotiation was already the Devil's work.

I would like to think this knows a good time when he sees one, here and there, Washington for one of the installments. The title, of course, would be "The Night Gasser."

Compared to the last show, what about fiction? The only thing that was off the mark was Woody's SLEEPER. They even took *DRACULA* off the bus to bring us *the Devil Model*—Ford, A lot better, I can assure, than...

In short, don't eat political commentaries without knowing what is going around in this real world, how can we appreciate *Fantastic Adventures*, *Levi Pena*, Box C-2487, Lewisburg, Pa. 17837.

Dear CTB: Adrienne Pen's letter (COP 22) appeared in *TV GUIDE* last week. I am sure you all know her. I am looking like *Bogey*. I guess like *Caine*? Any true horror fan surely wouldn't put down these two great stars. Lee is great as the ailing county court. True, he's not *Caine*, but don't take away what he is great. Anyone who has seen the latest Hammer will testify to the horror mood felt when Lee appears the first time and to the regression this

acting makes on the audience. Just a shot of Dracula off the screen, and knowing that the Count will emerge at night to rape and slay her, my wife and I sat there in the dark. Old school, some of the weaker material in the *Devil Model*, Hammer's business to do it another way—the producers and directors leave their business, and Mr. Lee wasn't making it. That's damn good to find another star, *PAUL* said.

As for the immortal *Lewisburg*—I apologize, I haven't enough time to do justice to this great actor. Let me sum up: *DRACULA* is at least as accurate as *Hammer* and each now, one update is still needed for me. I have enjoyed this classic over 20 years, and would gladly pay to see it again today.

—A modestly unimpressive presentation of *WHITE HOUSE BOMB*, I say. *Mind Games* is more any day than any other placing the *Devil Model* the *Stooges* all over it. So, let me know if *Advances* can't wait another year.

John Miller, Box 248, Lewisburg, Pa. 17837.

—Fortunately, *Stalacker* is more flexible and diversified in all filmic forms, and the majority of its fans love all its branches. But it's exponentially significant that the most favored and profitable form in the genre are also a sort of isolated "reference," though it's *Stalacker* that found in *NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD* and *THE EXPLODERS*. Perhaps, though, it's a self-construction over nearly all of the genre is isolated mainly with reference, provided you know where to look. *WHITE OF 02's* *Medical Witch* (*Margaret Hackett*) is one spare symbolic of Establishment evil, she rules thru

EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Judging by the clothebeating *PLANET OF THE APES*, *THE NIGHT STALKER* and *THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN* received in the TV Nielsen Rating system, maybe it's about time the Nielsen's got dumped and another organization less open to suspicion were put on the job. It's not that the above series don't deserve strong criticism. *STALACKER* follows a predictable formula: some terror or monster is somewhere on the loose—Kolakai trades it down, tells the damnable secret, and—no one ever believes him—*SIX MILLION* etc., washed down Bond with translocation from the old *FUTURIE*, especially from *BATMAN* and the *IMMORTAL*. Both shows, though, have virtues, some good moments and ideal photography.

The most令人印象深刻的 of all—if you didn't already guess—is *PLANET OF THE APES*. Reporters must have rioted with impunity, hardly anyone connected with the show seems to have the least grounding or familiarity w/*Sci-Fi* itself. The show depends primarily on McDonald, several capitals supporting actors (no, not the 3rd rate, trying to imitate *Hanson* and *Frederick* and *Mike* up).

But I'm aware that my own criteria aren't necessarily those of many others, especially when it includes millions of you readers who'd be more naturally inclined to view the above so-called comparison than *CHICO & THE MAN*, and *SANFORD & SON*, excellent sitcoms both but hardly in the same league. So, computing the fact that the average family owns two or more TV sets alone of which is always dominated by *youngsters*, the Nielsen's are open to much suspicion. And so that also a sizeable number of pro-SF fans, or non-CHICOSANFORD fans...

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Formerly the drug-addicted, disease-ridden and starved-on sense of the world, China was recently reported as having the highest health and breadbasket standards on the globe. All in less than 28 years? Is less than that, we have all witnessed a惊人的 deterioration in nearly everything throughout the so-called "Free World," and

particularly, in the USA. While everyone is being sold on the virtues of greasy fast-food services, such as MacDonald's and its thousands of similar rivals, the Chinese insist on balanced meals based on growing tables (according to numerous reports and various TV specials). The smallest towns have self-service public canteens featuring huge varieties of healthful vegetables, cuts of meat, etc. In the USA, we've watched the gradual extinction of such services. Even most of our medium-large restaurants now know to dispense fast-food well, cooked in a way so you don't know it's pre-cooked, frozen, dehydrated junk, heated to order, flavor-shredded disguised by cheap spices and additives.

Many might recall the TV satirist specials showing Nixon's visit to China. Probably the most impressive men was the one showing him and all the Chinese leggers sitting down for dinner. The food served them made most U.S. convention banquet menus look worse than dirty souk kitchen fare! Anyone for a big Mac? After all, you deserve the very best!

SHORT TAKES

Latest depressing ecology info proves that billions of aerosol spray-type cans have become the biggest danger since the Big Mac That Threatened to gobble Up Manhattan. Impermeable holes may have been punched out of our atmosphere, the spray can be deadly if used in poor ventilation (instant kill if breathed in a plastic bag), and people who've used them as deodorants, hair-spray etc., have reported hair loss and complain "feeling strange" or sudden surges of illness. If they feel weird or seemed strange beforehand, of course, that's another problem.

A few who've written to us feel that our position concerning stringent birth controls is almost "racist." Since any half-educated informed person knows better, we could almost ignore the point, except to emphasize that the public, particularly ghetto dwellers, have been ruthlessly propagandized to accept fertilicides disguised as "liberalism." Fact is, there are strongholds of liberals around, but their voices are rarely heard in the right places. The other fact is... the first prerequisite for parenthood is love and competence, not selfish ego and ignorance. No one, rich or poor, has any inalienable right to pass

evil—her presence affects all her victims, isn't. *Goodness*, represented by Dorothy (Judy Garland), appears to annihilate her *Fried* from the end, the once thriving masses now excreted and thank Dorothy for being there. Lots of message values in *OF*, all right. And, *ALICE IN WONDERLAND* (another so-called kiddie book) is actually a bitter social shocker, right up there next to *Stein's GULLIVER'S TRAVELS*. Perhaps *ALICE*, though, is more accurate in some ways in describing Establishment manipulation via retellings "gurus" and general bushwhacking advertisement, representing the bureaucracy. —CTB.

The letterer's expanding split, and we're glad, that, speaking of bureaucracy above—I mean this approve, save policy-making, yet we must specify a "rule" or live on already blurring vision? To wit, never sending us letters

—1. They must be typewritten and double-spaced. Your name and full address must be on the letter.
2—Handwritten mail will be only considered if, (a) penmanship is clear, (b) there is double-spacing between lines and at least 2 inches of margin on the left side of the page.

The only exception to the above are the faxes which appear in the free ad *GALLERY* section.

Meanwhile, mail them off to:

Letters, c/o Gothic Castle
569 5th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

an damaged existence and mental disorder on children, no matter what the original cause. The parents' lives may already be ruined, but kids may still have a good chance. Establishment persecutors, though, and megalomaniac politicians fear the truth and willfully perpetuate social stress and racism by playing semantic games.

One sure way to guarantee early elimination of ignorance and poverty is thus a massive educational program (with far-reaching global effect) which would indicate, at first, that pneumoniae progression is what the colossus "system" desires to perpetuate tomorrow colonization and insure its inhuman practices by the resulting social strife and misery. It would also pay off great dividends for the human race if we paid serious attention to the science and application of ecology (and its branches), thus reducing congenital retardation, seeking the advancement of all suffering from arrested development due to social environment, and create an all-out effort in pursuit of excellence.

Sorry that we surprised everyone by raising COP to \$85. Paper and printing costs have risen more than 40% in less than three years, and the last rise happened a few weeks before going to press with the last issue. Worst of all, two more increases will be coming in the next several months. They may be small enough for us to absorb, although other mag in our field are now preparing for \$1.00 and \$1.25 increases. No one can fault them, but when all this well load, God only knows. On the other hand, your half trip to the market will provide an excellent bird's eye view of what's going on. Would you have believed 15 months ago that a 5 lb. bag of sugar would cost \$2.30 instead of \$1.65? Mag's are still proportionately cheaper than most other things—but mag ain't food like other necessities. Many junk quality mag will disappear, but not a few better ones will suffer badly, and even a few of excellence may perish. You must bear that seriously in mind during this incredible period, until things get straightened out, supports your favorite publications as never before! And... spread the word to all your friends.

—Cohen T. Beck —

castle of frankenstein's Back Issue Dept.



#1—SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION—THE MUMMY, MONSTER OF THE AGES, THE PONG KARLOFF STORY, picture stories on TIME MULCHINE, WOMAN GATES, JACK TAYLOR, SEVENTH HEAL, FIRE AND THE REVENGE, THE CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE THIEF, CHAOS, HAMMOND, MYSTERIES, CHAOS AGAIN, TOP PEOPLE, BABY CYRIL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE, SOUND OF THE FAIRY GODMOTHER, THE ROBOT WILL TRAVEL, Portfolios of monster cartoons; TV JEEVES, Japanese monsters, BRITISH HORRORS.



#2—VAMPIRE—drama, horror movies, story writers and illustrators, the history of VAMPIRES, MARTY FACE OF CHRISTOPHER LEE, biography on screenwriter LEE HUMPHREYS, on reading THE THREE PHANTOMS OF THE OPERA, the 1910 1911 1912 1913 1914 1915 1916 1917 1918 1919 1920 1921 1922 1923 1924 1925 1926 1927 1928 1929 1930 1931 1932 1933 1934 1935 1936 1937 1938 1939 1940 1941 1942 1943 1944 1945 1946 1947 1948 1949 1950 1951 1952 1953 1954 1955 1956 1957 1958 1959 1960 1961 1962 1963 1964 1965 1966 1967 1968 1969 1970 1971 1972 1973 1974 1975 1976 1977 1978 1979 1980 1981 1982 1983 1984 1985 1986 1987 1988 1989 1990 1991 1992 1993 1994 1995 1996 1997 1998 1999 2000 2001 2002 2003 2004 2005 2006 2007 2008 2009 2010 2011 2012 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017 2018 2019 2020 2021 2022 2023 2024 2025 2026 2027 2028 2029 2030 2031 2032 2033 2034 2035 2036 2037 2038 2039 2040 2041 2042 2043 2044 2045 2046 2047 2048 2049 2050 2051 2052 2053 2054 2055 2056 2057 2058 2059 2060 2061 2062 2063 2064 2065 2066 2067 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castle of frankenstein's Back Issue Dept.



JF — **QUESTION:** *What's your opinion on the new-style interview with Beta Karloff, prime-time reviewer of ABC-TV's *BATMAN*, with the jokes and all that come along with it?* **ANSWER:** I think it's great. Cooper [Robert C. Cooper, complete name: Victor Eugene Cooper, author of reviews of *BATMAN* on *THE JIMMY DAVIS SHOW*] is a good host. He's a good interviewer. I think he's a good host.



THE BERRY BROWN episode The Fast Fest (Billed Bobo's Budget Triggle Drag Advertiser, first part all language) wherein with Chesty other Lee, the story of a real **MONSTER** (introduction by Lou Coster) in front of **SATURN**, THERE ARE THE DAMNED and CURSE OF THE NY, comes this on, **THE ADVENTURES OF SATURN AND ECO**, Remington TV - Remington TV - and **THE COOL KIDS** (introduction by Lou Coster) in front of **URANUS**, with Bill Tracy's The Space, science reviews by Mike McElroy, will color book series by Famed cartoonist **HARVEY BIRK**.



JULY 1 *Friends of Earth in the Big Iron Story, Home on the Range, The Tex Willer, The Last Frontier, The Great Beyond, The Existential William Butler, Guy Thomas and Stuart Whitman, GOF interview, Christopher Lee, great golfers, the new James Bond, Donald Pleasence, THE ROSES OF CHAMBER OF DEATH*



#12 - World of Crime Bookie by now, famous names, names, names! Stack of books, all about the world of **Heathen**! We do the best job in the world of the interview. Peter Brant's son **SHAWN GIBSON** comes along with us, the author **J. CONRAD**. Storyline: **Conrad** is being preyed upon by CTB's **FAREWELL BABY PATRIMONY**. Heavy metal & like it is in **SPIDER-MAN**, **Musica** and **Rage**. **Conrad** is being forced to do what he can't do, CTB's on **Shattered** and **PLANET OF THE APP** (specialty with Eugene Evans APP makeovers), **The Conqueror** and **Conqueror**. **Conrad** is back **Conqueror**. **Dan Betts** and his **Carter** look at **Conqueror** for an Illustrated History of the Metal Head (and more). **Shawn Gibson** is the son of Peter Brant's son **SHAWN GIBSON** and the author of **Fear** (not FAHIC) **FAHIC** **FEAR**, interviews, great photos & like & the usual **purple** here.



No. 13—Special All-Star Issue: "2001: A Space Odyssey" analysis/review; Interview with RAY BRADBURY; "Planet of the APES Returns" featurette; seven secret facts...; revisited for the first time!; BASIL RATHBONE Interviewed For Last Time!; John FRIED profile, coverage & Coda on ROSEMARY'S BABY, GARGARELLA, etc.; "CAR-VAC" comedy gags in the inimitable CoF manner; "TV Or Not TV?" that's a question!, RACHEL WECH



MS.144 - KARLOFF SPECIAL:
Tribute to Karloff; "My
Life As A Monster"; by Karloff.
HORROR FILM HISTORY:
An Oral History
of the Horror Film
by CHRISSIE BRAUDURG
Berkshire, 01252 CARNARVON
BAPTIST COLLEGE, 1981.
ILLUSTRATED
ILLUSTRATING MANY Books
written by LIN CARTER.
**FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE
DESTROYED**, PROLOGUE FROM
WIZARD OF OZ SWANSON
WITH



No. 18—**HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS** (Part 2) MARC GORENDE reviewed, KARLOFF & HIS LEGACY, THE OB-LONG BOX, with Vincent Price, and more... TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA, with Christopher Lee, Little Biting Center, LITTLE NEMO—SMASH GORDON, MEN BEHIND THE COMICS! Friendships, sex, and more... AT THE END OF THE APES, 2 different endings! THE WITCH'S BREATH! Full article on forgotten cults and oddities! HAIRDOCTORIAL AND BOOK REVIEWS, and lots more.



No. 10

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No. 17

ROBERT BLOCH Interview
(See **Conversations**) — **RONALD HATTON** career article at
metropolis Horner Star —
The M. STANTON film list
July 1967 (1) — **FILMUSIC**
IN THE FANTASY FILM.
Review of *THE MONSTER
KID* — *THE HOUSE OF SHADOWS*,
THE MONSTER MAKER —
FRANKENSTEIN Capsule
Reviews of more than 50
current films — Plus:
THK-1126 — **CRY OF
THE SAMHIE** — The
CRIMSON CULT — Gentle
Ghosts — **SATYRICA** Film
heavily in depth. Comics,
Graphics, in short, another
smashing issue.



No. 10

EXCLUSIVE: CARRADINE
Interview — One of Bart's
KARLOFF'S LAST MOVIE: CAULIN
ON BLOOD — Detailed
interview with the Hammer
Shifter **NIGHT OF THE**
LIVING DEAD — An essay
by the writer of the series of H. P.
LOVECRAFT, with scores
of illustrations from his works,
including the **Shuttered Room**,
the Haunted Palace, The Dunwich
Horror — Absorbingly surreal
horror-fantasy **EL TOPO**,
with its **TALES FROM**
THE CRYPT — A look at the media
folk instead of sick
— and more than 28 other
spectacular reviews, PLUS
essays by NEIL ADAMS,
BENEDICT, ROB KREIDEN, KEN
BENSON.



No. 10

The Ward of Ray HARBYRAUSSEN (part 1) - Walking From MONTGOMERY JOE YOUNG - 20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH, 52, THE BAPTIST, 25,000 ATHLETES, THE VOTE OF 1972, THE BAD RICCS - Analysis and review of MURKIN'S A CLOCK WORK ORANGE, PI about EIGHTY-SEVEN RUNNING, An Interview with GENE TURK, The THIRTY-EIGHT HAMMERFUL YEAR, DRACULA A.D., 72; COUNTESS DRACULA, VAMPIRE CIRCUS, TWINS, THE LOST CITY, THE MUMMY, THE HOUSE OF THE RUFER, Dr. JEKYLL & SISTER HYDE, THE NIGHT OF [?], COF Film reviews.



11-93

NO. 20
Part 2 Conclusion of *Mysteries of the Unknown*, by
James & the Argonauts,
Mysterious Island, *Flight into
the Moon*, *One Million B.C.*,
Valley of the Geese, etc.
—The *Curse of the Mummy*
—*The Mystery of the Mask*
—*Curse of the Demon*
—*Curse of Horror*—*Face of Blood*
—*Screaming Sister*—*Ghosts at the Vampire*—*Sober Times*
with the complete *1912* program
including *Frankenstein* at *Lamont*,
Alma Film News, a *Run-Up*
Poster Centrifuge, and other
Curiosities, *Letters*, *gagons*,
Paranormal, *Reviews*, *Notes* of *TV*
and *Film reviews* and *Booklets*
on the *Films* of *1912*.



No. 21

GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD: Ray Harryhausen's final masterpiece hit in early 1968, featuring 11 pages with 30 special cinematic effects—NBC's **FRANKENSTEIN** THE MAN, the story of a mad scientist who creates a living being—**VAMPIRA** and the **THING**. Oracle—Invaders of the **Body Snatchers** as the train & interview with director Don Siegel.—**JONATHAN**, '73's great Vampire film.—**The Man With Three Wives**, a review of **Elia Kazan's** movie with Peter O'Toole, Jason Robards, TV, book, tape, conference, reviews. **Sabrina**, not forgetting spot of **McGraw**, etc., etc.



No. 2

ALL ABOUT THE EXPIRE and how it grew: 1—director Bill Friedkin TALKS about filmaking, and looks behind the scenes; 2—Friedkin in a candid interview; 3—Friedkin in a rare, off-the-record chat with **ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY**; 4—different & exclusive interviews with Dennis Hopper, Al Pacino, and The Carter that has bounded the film to date.—**INTERVIEWS** by Vincent Price, Peter Capaldi, and others; 5—two pages about all his experiences in the making; 6—two hours of discussion; 7—Miguel Rizzo, one composer for 10 days; 8—Cast of **Bugaz**, **Bes Her** and the current **Golden Voyage** of Sinatra; 9—Lester, **911 Hill House**, **Zarathustra**, **Death and the Maiden**, **Frontline**, and more.



No. 32

**PLANET OF THE APES SPE-
CIAL**, all about the 5 theatrical
releases, back-ground info
on CBS-TV's "primetime"—and a
geographical interview with
Roddy McDowell—A HISTORY
OF **DEAN SAVAGE'S**
PALS and the making of PALS' film
"PAL," plus lots of the
Roger CORMAN interview,
a look at JAMES-LUT Goggin's
40th masterpiece, **ALPHA**,
VILLE, **THE PINHEADS**, an amaz-
ing look at the most recent of
Satoru Mizushima's Roger Corman's
NOT OF THIS EARTH,
Frankenstein All Time
reviews of more than 50 car-
ries and new releases, including
The Water-Gate Committee.



附录

Critics' Special Mention:
Tribute to the King of the
Horrors, **BORIS KARLOFF**,
including Karloff's final
major interview, conducted
by **Critics' editors**.
The EXORCIST II & **Linda**
Evans' **THE HOUSE ON THE**
HILL (CORMAHL's **Ray**)
Astrologer **THE BRAIN** meets
THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN
in **MONSTER FREAKS**,
plus **THE HOUSE ON THE**
MOUNTAIN—Herriman and the
Pirates of Troy's \$22,000
MONSTER—Frankenstein
At Large. Film reviews, books,
and more. **MONSTER** magazine's
new co-publisher, **John** and
Patti Litchfield answer your
queries.

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This space is reserved for CoF No. 25 (due out around Jan. 30), which will include: Interviews with: Leonard NIMOY and GEORGE PAL, creator of *The Time MACHINE*, DESTINA-MOON and other SFantasy film classics.



1987 ANNUAL—The best from our previous issues along with additional photos and features. Includes: Interview with George Pal; biography of Boris Karloff; pictures stories on *BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE*; *MOSQUITO*; *SCIENCE FICTION*; *DEATH OF A GIRL*; and *THE LITTLE PEOPLE* and *MARATHRADE*; The early Years of Frankenstein; coverage of the Second Convention (in interview with Ray Harryhausen); TV mini-series *FRANKENSTEIN*; *TV Ratings*.



JOURNAL OF FRANK-

ENSTEIN—Extremely limited supply—exclusively this short-run monthly, established in 1982, history of European horror films from 1895 to present. Boris Karloff as seen by different directors;

THE WOLFMAN; *THE HOUSE OF STRANGERS* and *HOUSE ON THE HAUNTED HILL*; animated feature film *FRANKENSTEIN* AT LAUGH; review of *La Planete Sauvage*; classic monster tales of horror host JOHN ZACHERLEY; periodic feature: *MONSTERS—RETURN OF THE MONSTER OF THE 1000 FACES*; *FRANKENSTEIN*—first ever report on horror films of '88. No back issues of this one will be around soon—so get some, they served

It's not without valid reason that **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN** is the world's most praised SFantasy film magazine, eliciting raves from respected film historians, American Film Institute's "AFI Report,"—and most recent, in a major article on FilMonster magazine in "The Village Voice."

Owning a file of CoF is like being in on SFantasy Film History. You can do this by using the coupon on the right.

INSTRUCTIONS ON ORDERING BACK ISSUES:

Gopes are mailed in flat, strong sealed envelopes. Please make sure to add 30¢ per copy for handling, envelope and postage.—**SPECIAL DISCOUNT:** you may deduct 15% off orders of \$15.00 or more. This applies to Canada and all U.S. Possessions. Overseas add 35¢ a copy.

CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN Back Issue Service—All regular back issues are \$1.00 each (plus 30¢ for postage & handling). Circle those that you want:

Numbers 4 — 7 — 8 — 9 — 10 — 12 — 13 — 14 — 15 — 16 — 17 — 18 — 19 — 20 —
21 — 22 — 23 — 1987 ANNUAL.

BETWEEN all copies listed are in very short supply. A few will soon be unavailable. Their prices are based upon rarity and supply on hand. As is usually the case, astronomical prices are being charged for them by specialty dealers who, in many cases, can't be guaranteed condition—while ours are in fresh off the press shape. Only the copies listed above at our nominal back issue rates reflect the serious buyer's value when appearing elsewhere. Many of the more recent issues (since January 1987) are sold out in some dark, far-flung warehouse corner—hard to find. It's about the end of **JOURNAL OF FRANKENSTEIN**, with numbers 3 and 6 not very far behind. Also, because we think we quoted somewhere, a few numbers at just over \$1.00 price (above) showed up much lower in quantity after making a recent inventory—not yet on the endangered species list, but close. But we'll let it pass for the time being by not mentioning which to avoid any premeditated slams.

CoF No. 1 \$5—CoF No. 2: \$3—CoF No. 3 \$7—CoF No. 5 \$2—CoF No. 6 \$7

The **JOURNAL OF FRANKENSTEIN**: \$10.

Mail all cash, checks or money orders to: Gothic Castle Publishing Co.
609 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10017

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

If you plan to make a film, one thing's sure—the scene looks out. So, why so well confess that, yes, I'll be producing, directing and starring in **THE RETURN OF COUNT SMOKY GASSBORT** (original working title). This Invasion of the Gravedigging Robots From the Parallel Zorgart, but we dropped it on being told that Stanley Kubrick may well do. Can't say too much about the plot, though; you know how the competition is. But I can say that we're using a new 3-D triple-Demsi process where you don't require eyepiece-table glasses—a special process flushed from this screen will turn your eyeballs into permanent 3-D lenses! The outside world will never look the same again, but think of the fun it will be!

Say, if you're hungry for something in a serious vein, just give a nasty teacher a blood transfusion. If it's done in an ancient Egyptian locale, then give fringe for the assassines. If you think this is a hokum, then a happy Fangiving Day to you, too!

Have to cut this short since the **GALLERY** is much longer this time. Meantime, we're all planning for a Happy Holliday Season. Got a great guy to help out making presents for all our friends—used to work for *Caveman* at one time; he had a horrifying encounter underwater that drove him bananas for awhile. Got infected by a weird water creature. We call him (around this time of year anyway) Santa Claus—he's very talented.

Yours truly,
Vincent Van
Gogh,
the gallery
guru.

MIKE SICULA, 505 Kimball Rd., King of Prussia, Pa. 19406—buying all material on "Night of the Living Dead" and MUST contact both Bill Bell and Kalmyn Ladd Help!

DARRELL HOBOUS, RR 1, Huylerdale Rd., Ky. 46437—buying any material on TV's "Lost in Space" and wants pen pals who like this show.

MACY TAYLOR, 2846 Coopers Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. 32216—wants to buy art and correspondence on *Hawthorne* novels J. Huston, 164-23 60th St., Howard Beach, N.Y. 11414—buying and selling Phantom posters, maps, comic books...

GARY YOUNG, 4348 Cynthie Dr., Eisen, Ohio 45622, will be sending artwork and/or other material to me for his samples. **H. PARIGURST**, 7469 Uriah St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90020—wants to buy some film classics.

MICHELL KNIGHT, 26 Daresbury St., Plymouth, Penn. 18855—**STAR TREK** trading cards, especially from all others interested in this great cause.

TIM ROWE, 1775 Woodgate Ave., Springfield, Ohio 45560—wants contact with a pen pal (about 18 years old) interested in horror trading cards; also universal classics of the 30's & 40's.

KAREN WILEY, 7436 Martin Rd., Lima, N.Y. 14462, wants to buy interested in trading, costumes & movie stills/poster collecting.

PAUL SAMBORN, 130 Crystal St., Haven, N.Y. 14422, wants to buy from fans of *Attack of the Clones*, "Star Trek," "Planet of the Apes," and "Dionisia."

MIKE MENDOZA, 142 Dakota Ct., New Bedford, Mass., 02740, wanted, Col. no. 11 and Star Trek TOS.

JOHN LAMPHIER, P.O. Box 1662, Mansfield, Calif. 91606—All possible info on Star Trek, *Star Trek II* and "Carnival of Souls" wanted.

JAMIE CLARK, 66 Perrine St., Kitchener, Ont., N2L 1Z2, wants to buy anything on *Star Trek* or *Caveman*. Interested also in writing contests. Books, *Star Trek* published; **MARTIN BORDE**, 801 N. 333rd St., Rochester, N.Y. 14621, interested in *Golden Age* comics and "King Kong."

PAT DANIELSEN, 1965 19th St., Hawthorne, Calif. 92543, wants to buy standard and super-4-mm movies.

JAMES SELBY, 484 Blight Ave., S.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30316, interested in Harryhausen's *Clash of the Titans* and *Time to Kill*. Also: buying 16mm sound films.

RICHARD GREEN, 26 Knepple Ave., Old Bridge, N.J. 08867—wants to buy all kinds of movie posters.

MICHAEL THOMAS, see Sherman St., Glendale, Calif. 91347—wants to buy back *Heavy Metal's* "New Gods" and "Forever People."

TOHISUHI SHIGETA, 265 Tatsutacho, Kita-ku, Tokyo, 116, Japan—student of Japanese literature. Wants many info, also photo of *Star Trek* crew on their visit to Japan.

GEORGE BROGAN, 283 Main St., Englewood, N.J. 07632—interested and does artwork; wants to contribute to *Comics* section.

Mr. CARMEN M. TAZONIAN, 5936 N. Mayne Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60626—will buy any D.C. or Marvel comics in good to mint condition.

BILL STOVALL, RR 10, Box 2890, Spring Hill, Tenn. 37380—wants to buy science-fiction, comic books and *Col. of Sci-Fi* back issues.

JOHN MAZZIOTTA, 6524 Mt. Scott Ct., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33309—distributes info on UFOs, Our Gang & the Beverly Boys. Long list "Carnival of the Dead!"

DAN CLARK, RR 3, Hutchinson, Kan. 67501, any info and/or 80's on *MONSTER ZONE* and *Aliens* or *Nice Against* deals.

DAVID SPENCE, 23 Alexander Rd., Heath, Ohio 43056—specialty items and \$10.00 of "Dreadnaught," "Dr. Phibes" & many more. S.X. always in stock. Write for a price list.

DALE SOUTHERLAND, 244 Head St., Calais, Maine 04613—announces a "Celebrity Address Club," offering a choice of 100s of movie-TV stars' stories, studio, etc. for only \$24.

Mr. DONALD M. LEDGETT, 7680 Air Base Rd., Cinn. 27, APO New York 06139—wants into *HTF*; wanted on "Exorcist."

DARRETH HICKMAN, Box 222, Gertrude, N.C. 27032—info & addresses of Peter Cushing & Chris Lee.

JOSEPH BRADY, 424 Lincoln Hwy. W., New Oxford, Pa. 17350, is an artist who would like outlets for his work.

JOHN FATTORO, Kedzie Station, Box 456, Mt. Hope W.H.D., Potts, New Guinea, is a 20-year-old fan who "can't wait" to write his correspondence to me. Wants to buy *Star Trek* film stuff, especially on Charlton Heston.

JIM CHIRAL, 2806 Sweet Ave., San Diego, Calif. 92106—with my contacts, books, posters and models. Send 10¢ for list.

CHRISTOPHER HUMPHRIES, 1, 1. Darlington, N.C. 28332—interested in *Star Trek*, *Citizen Kane*, and weird star tracks; also pen pals.

STAN BERRY, 302 N. Monroe, Little Rock, Ark. 72201—full info and address of Chris Lee and Peter Cushing wanted.

TODD ADAMS, 244 S. Lorain Av., Tremont, Ohio 44115—interested in any kind, 1930s, 1940s movies; books on them.

JOHN CLAYTON, 10540 Gallerick Ct., Columbus, Ohio 43244, wants to buy early "Perry Mason" on 16-mm prints.

MIKE MURRAY, 215 Prince Av., Shippensburg, Pa. 17257, has Toms for sale in excellent condition. Also, *Star Trek* book.

MIKE KOROTITSCH, Jr., Central Decatur, Quebec St., N.Y. 12143, wants info about *Exorcists*, the evil eye, demons, etc.

JANICE ELLIS, 244 W. 55th St., Chicago, Ill. 60626, an avid Cushing fan, wants his signed photo.

LAVON WILSON, c/o McBaseline, 1 Water Cr., Port Chester, N.Y. 10573—will send you a list of Xerox copies of *Star Trek*, *Citizen Kane*, *Planets*. Offers one-dollar for sale.

DAVID STEVENS, 206 S. Aspinwall Ave., Aspinwall, Pa. 15219, interested in stop-motion and claymation; wants to buy *Galaxy*, *Horror*, *Outer Limits*, *Space 1999*.

JACQUES ROYALE, 1111 Del Rio St., El Paso, Tex. 79915, wants to buy three James Bond toy thriller torsos and Bruce Lee martial arts figures.

DENNIS ELMER, 641 N.E. 79th, Portland, Ore. 97213, wants reasonably priced *Star Trek* movie.

RIP HOLSTROM, 8228 E. Briarwood Ave., Englewood, Colo. 80210, wants to buy sets, entire 1970s and old *ColPs*.

BERNARD HOULE, 2254 Boulardie, Trois-Rivieres, Quebec, Can., wants *Col. no. 12* & the first 12 issues of *Mid-Month Fantasy*.

JAMES JOHN, 1429 Koberlin St., San Antonio, Tex. 78216, wants *Star Trek* 16mm film strips & anything to do with Star Trek.

VICTORIANA PLATT, 267 E. 48th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11216, wants addrs and full info, & anything possible, on Peter Cushing.

LAUREL MIRAMON, 3638 Glenmont Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15226, is looking for info on any *Star Trek* book with Dr. Leonard, Chris Lee and Peter Cushing.

RON MURKIN, 3143 Royal Rd., Edina, Minn. 55401, wants *Anytime on TV's "The Time Tunnel"* & "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea."

DANNY HA YNES, 1307 0'Byrne St., Hazelwood, Pa. 15234, wants everything on Lee Charney. Interested to report to me. Lee died around a year ago (Uncle Vincent).

EDWARD PREHN, 9332 Guiney Rd., Philadelphia, Pa. 19131, will buy, sell, trade movie, books, records, models & anything on *Star Trek* or *Star Wars*—\$100-\$1000.

ROLAND LEBLANC, 2628 Ursuline Av., New Orleans, La. 70116, is a new recruit & fan of *Star Trek* and *Col.*

V. VAUGHN VINSIK, 1 S. Main St., N. Franklin, N.H. 03225—Veteran Zappo fan, has a lot of info on him & his address (here to 1976). Maintains a *Star Trek* website (see below).

JOE O'DONOGHUE, 6616 Lasalle, Houston, Tex. 77055, wants to buy *Star Trek* items, especially w/ Mr. Kirk's phaser in "Where No Man Has Gone Before."

DAVID WILCOX, 236 DeMond Rd., Rehoboth Beach, Del., 19971, collecting makeup men, wants to buy, trade, sell.

JON GOURD, 301 Righton Rd., Mt. Holly, N.J. 08060, is not so much interested in *Star Trek* as in *Horchhausen's* address.

SCOTT GRUNER, 110 S. First St., Linden, N.J. 07036, interested in *Col.*, *Star Trek*, etc. wants *PM* & *Star Trek* books.

CAROL SCARDO, 1798 N. 22nd, Metairie Park, La. 70056, desires the address of the Official Christopher Lee Fan Club. Mrs. Dennis Hanafi, P.O. Box 407, Thailand, W. World, Rm. 2011, RT 2, H-20, Englewood, NJ 07632, for 1977 *Star Trek* calendar.

ROCK LIVINGSTON, 1001 Park Rd., Garden City, Kans. 67466, wants to contribute to comic & *Entertainment* & subscribe to them.

JOEY STARKEY, 3413 Arthur St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19106, wants Universal stills of the 70s and 80s.

JOHN MENDOZA, 186 Westway Ave., North Haledon, N.J. 07604, is exchanging info & articles on *Star Trek* and *Planet of the Apes*.

MARK WILLING, 1449 Reed Ave., Grand Junction, Colo. 81501, interested in collecting and buying 16mm films.

ANGELA LEE, 1901 John St., Bronx, N.Y. 10451, wants to buy *Star Trek* comic books.

MILL YODER, 215 Hinckley St., Massillon, Ohio 44646, wants fan info on John Zacherley.

JOHN SMITH, 2628 Albee, Ames, Iowa, 50010, collects *Col.* especially 1980s, and *Horchhausen's*.

DAVID SMITH, 505 Impeadew, Cortelyou, Kings, N.Y. 11237, is looking for information about Evelyn Ankers.

C. VOLNAH, 253 E. 125 St., New York, N.Y. 10035, wants comic & anything else on *APR* since 1974. Also, wants *Star Trek* comic no. 92, *PM* 1984 Yearbook, etc. Lst. 299.

CHARLES HAMMOND, 486 N. Linwood Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21226, wants 100pp comic books, mostly *Star Trek* from *The Black Hole*.

JEFF ALEXANDER, 7122 Carnation Ave., Chillicothe, Ohio 45236, collects *Madame President* books, *Star Trek*, *1000*, *1001*, *1002*, *1003*, *1004*, *1005*, *1006*, *1007*, *1008*, *1009*, *1010*, *1011*, *1012*, *1013*, *1014*, *1015*, *1016*, *1017*, *1018*, *1019*, *1020*, *1021*, *1022*, *1023*, *1024*, *1025*, *1026*, *1027*, *1028*, *1029*, *1030*, *1031*, *1032*, *1033*, *1034*, *1035*, *1036*, *1037*, *1038*, *1039*, *1040*, *1041*, *1042*, *1043*, *1044*, *1045*, *1046*, *1047*, *1048*, *1049*, *1050*, *1051*, *1052*, *1053*, *1054*, *1055*, *1056*, *1057*, *1058*, *1059*, *1060*, *1061*, *1062*, *1063*, *1064*, *1065*, *1066*, *1067*, *1068*, *1069*, *1070*, *1071*, *1072*, *1073*, *1074*, *1075*, *1076*, *1077*, *1078*, *1079*, *1080*, *1081*, *1082*, *1083*, *1084*, *1085*, *1086*, *1087*, *1088*, *1089*, *1090*, *1091*, *1092*, *1093*, *1094*, *1095*, *1096*, *1097*, *1098*, *1099*, *1100*, *1101*, *1102*, *1103*, *1104*, *1105*, *1106*, *1107*, *1108*, *1109*, *1110*, *1111*, *1112*, *1113*, *1114*, *1115*, *1116*, *1117*, *1118*, *1119*, *1120*, *1121*, *1122*, *1123*, *1124*, *1125*, *1126*, *1127*, *1128*, *1129*, *1130*, *1131*, *1132*, *1133*, *1134*, *1135*, *1136*, *1137*, *1138*, *1139*, *1140*, *1141*, *1142*, *1143*, *1144*, *1145*, *1146*, *1147*, *1148*, *1149*, *1150*, *1151*, *1152*, *1153*, *1154*, *1155*, *1156*, *1157*, *1158*, *1159*, *1160*, *1161*, *1162*, *1163*, *1164*, *1165*, *1166*, *1167*, *1168*, *1169*, *1170*, *1171*, *1172*, *1173*, *1174*, *1175*, *1176*, *1177*, *1178*, *1179*, *1180*, *1181*, *1182*, *1183*, *1184*, *1185*, *1186*, *1187*, *1188*, *1189*, *1190*, *1191*, *1192*, *1193*, *1194*, *1195*, *1196*, *1197*, *1198*, *1199*, *1200*, *1201*, *1202*, *1203*, *1204*, *1205*, *1206*, *1207*, *1208*, *1209*, *1210*, *1211*, *1212*, *1213*, *1214*, *1215*, *1216*, *1217*, *1218*, *1219*, *1220*, *1221*, *1222*, *1223*, *1224*, *1225*, *1226*, *1227*, *1228*, *1229*, *1230*, *1231*, *1232*, *1233*, *1234*, *1235*, *1236*, *1237*, *1238*, *1239*, *1240*, *1241*, *1242*, *1243*, *1244*, *1245*, *1246*, *1247*, *1248*, *1249*, *1250*, *1251*, *1252*, *1253*, *1254*, *1255*, *1256*, *1257*, *1258*, *1259*, *1260*, *1261*, *1262*, *1263*, *1264*, *1265*, *1266*, *1267*, *1268*, *1269*, *1270*, *1271*, *1272*, *1273*, *1274*, *1275*, *1276*, *1277*, *1278*, *1279*, *1280*, *1281*, *1282*, *1283*, *1284*, *1285*, *1286*, *1287*, *1288*, *1289*, *1290*, *1291*, *1292*, *1293*, *1294*, *1295*, *1296*, *1297*, *1298*, *1299*, *1300*, *1301*, *1302*, *1303*, *1304*, *1305*, *1306*, *1307*, *1308*, *1309*, *1310*, *1311*, *1312*, *1313*, *1314*, *1315*, *1316*, *1317*, *1318*, *1319*, *1320*, *1321*, *1322*, *1323*, *1324*, *1325*, *1326*, *1327*, *1328*, *1329*, *1330*, *1331*, *1332*, *1333*, *1334*, *1335*, *1336*, *1337*, *1338*, *1339*, *1340*, *1341*, *1342*, *1343*, *1344*, *1345*, *1346*, *1347*, *1348*, *1349*, *1350*, *1351*, *1352*, *1353*, *1354*, *1355*, *1356*, *1357*, *1358*, *1359*, *1360*, *1361*, *1362*, *1363*, *1364*, *1365*, *1366*, *1367*, *1368*, *1369*, *1370*, *1371*, *1372*, *1373*, *1374*, *1375*, *1376*, *1377*, *1378*, *1379*, *1380*, *1381*, *1382*, *1383*, *1384*, *1385*, *1386*, *1387*, *1388*, *1389*, *1390*, *1391*, *1392*, *1393*, *1394*, *1395*, *1396*, *1397*, *1398*, *1399*, *1400*, *1401*, *1402*, *1403*, *1404*, *1405*, *1406*, *1407*, *1408*, *1409*, *1410*, *1411*, *1412*, *1413*, *1414*, *1415*, *1416*, *1417*, *1418*, *1419*, *1420*, *1421*, *1422*, *1423*, *1424*, *1425*, *1426*, *1427*, *1428*, *1429*, *1430*, *1431*, *1432*, *1433*, *1434*, *1435*, *1436*, *1437*, *1438*, *1439*, *1440*, *1441*, *1442*, *1443*, *1444*, *1445*, *1446*, *1447*, *1448*, *1449*, *1450*, *1451*, *1452*, *1453*, *1454*, *1455*, *1456*, *1457*, *1458*, *1459*, *1460*, *1461*, *1462*, *1463*, *1464*, *1465*, *1466*, *1467*, *1468*, *1469*, *1470*, *1471*, *1472*, *1473*, *1474*, *1475*, *1476*, *1477*, *1478*, *1479*, *1480*, *1481*, *1482*, *1483*, *1484*, *1485*, *1486*, *1487*, *1488*, *1489*, *1490*, *1491*, *1492*, *1493*, *1494*, *1495*, *1496*, *1497*, *1498*, *1499*, *1500*, *1501*, *1502*, *1503*, *1504*, *1505*, *1506*, *1507*, *1508*, *1509*, *1510*, *1511*, *1512*, *1513*, *1514*, *1515*, *1516*, *1517*, *1518*, *1519*, *1520*, *1521*, *1522*, *1523*, *1524*, *1525*, *1526*, *1527*, *1528*, *1529*, *1530*, *1531*, *1532*, *1533*, *1534*, *1535*, *1536*, *1537*, *1538*, *1539*, *1540*, *1541*, *1542*, *1543*, *1544*, *1545*, *1546*, *1547*, *1548*, *1549*, *1550*, *1551*, *1552*, *1553*, *1554*, *1555*, *1556*, *1557*, *1558*, *1559*, *1560*, *1561*, *1562*, *1563*, *1564*, *1565*, *1566*, *1567*, *1568*, *1569*, *1570*, *1571*, *1572*, *1573*, *1574*, *1575*, *1576*, *1577*, *1578*, *1579*, *1580*, *1581*, *1582*, *1583*, *1584*, *1585*, *1586*, *1587*, *1588*, *1589*, *1590*, *1591*, *1592</*



